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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1896.

## ALEXANDRE DUMAS THE ELDER.

THE most extraordinary man of letters in our own, or perhaps in any age, was Alexandre Dumas, known throughout the civilized world, and destined to be remembered for a long time to come, as the author of "Monte Cristo" and "The Three Musketeers." To find anything like a counterpart to his strange compound of incongruities we must go back to the sixteenth century, to Benvenuto Cellini, who also was at once, or by turns, artist, tradesman, soldier, courtier, roué and adventurer. Dumas was not a very old man when he died—his death took place in 1870, at the age of sixty-eight—but from the day that he was twenty-one, all of his waking hours for forty years had been full of work or of emotions. If to make money were a criterion of literary ability, Dumas would have to be accounted the greatest author that ever lived, for his earnings much exceeded even those of Sir Walter Scott. If to be translated into all European, and into some Asiatic languages, if to be still in active demand at the bookshops or circulating libraries in all civilized countries, be tests of literary merit, these tests have never been satisfied so thoroughly as by the two books which we have named above. Long before, however, the first of these appeared, Dumas had already become remarkably successful as a dramatist, and some of his plays yet hold the stage. Not content, however, with his triumphs in these two provinces of literature, he invaded almost every other, and, to prove once more, what had been proved already by Descartes and by Cervantes, that a man of the pen may be a man of the sword, he became an active participant in two great popular upheavals; namely, the revolt of the French people against the reactionary monarchy of Charles X., and Garibaldi's expedition against the Kingdom of Naples. To him, in a word, more truthfully than to any other of our contemporaries, may be applied Dryden's well-known distich,

"A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Alexandre Dumas was one-quarter negro, a fact which should perplex those anthropologists who have contended that a strong infusion of negro blood is not compatible with high artistic achievement, or with habits of systematic industry. He was the illegitimate son of a French marquis by a full-blooded negress; conveyed to France from Hayti in his youth, he eventually enlisted as a common soldier, and evinced valor so romantic and so desperate, that, although unqualified by temper or by education for command, he rose to be a General

in the army of the French Republic. Forced into retirement by Bonaparte, the General married a woman of humble parentage, and died obscure and poor in 1806, four years after the son, the future novelist, was born. The boy, Alexandre, turned to imperfect account even the desultory education permitted by the narrow circumstances of his mother's relatives, and he was very ill-equipped for conquest in the field of letters, when at the age of twenty-one he set out for Paris to seek his fortune. The first five years of his sojourn in the capital were years of misdirected effort, disillusion and penury; the young man must have starved, had not a friend of his father's procured for him a petty clerkship in the household of the Duke of Orleans. At length he set his feet upon the path, which for him and others was to lead to victory. He joined the school of the Romantics—with his defective equipment he could not have joined any other—and, strange to say, was the first of his comrades to make a deep impression on the popular mind through the medium of the stage. The earlier plays of Victor Hugo either failed or were interdicted; but the "Henri III." of Alexandre Dumas, brought out in 1829, captured the town, and the author sprang at a bound into celebrity. Hardly less lucky was his next piece, "Anthony," in which matrimonial infidelity was made the pivot of a drama dealing with contemporary life. Of course, the same motive had been repeatedly used in French comedy, but not in French tragedy, unless the scene were transported to a distant age. It is an interesting fact that the elder Dumas should have been the first to prove, what his own son was to corroborate with so much emphasis, that the most intensely dramatic situations afforded by modern life are those which grow out of the violation of the marriage vow. Another play by the elder Dumas, which presently produced a great sensation, was the "Tour de Nesle," founded on the legend imputing to Isabella of Bavaria, the wife of Charles VI., the custom of drowning in the Seine her lovers of a night. For upward of ten years, indeed, Dumas gave most of his indefatigable energy, and most of the time he could spare from dissipation, to dramatic writing. Of all the representatives of Romanticism, he best pleased the public of the playhouse; the success ultimately attained by Victor Hugo in the same quarter was one of esteem rather than of money. Most of the plays which Dumas threw off with unparalleled rapidity, so long as his vogue lasted, were undoubtedly mere pot-boilers; but of his sixty dramas, five at least are still occasionally played, and two, the "Mariage sous Louis XV." and "Mlle. de Belle-Isle," have the honor of belonging to the list of plays regularly reproduced at the Théâtre Français.

Had Dumas died at the age of forty, he would have been remembered merely as a dramatic writer of phenomenal but fugitive good-fortune, whose talents, though well adapted to the tastes of a transitional period, were only of the second order. But, just as the reading of a French translation of Shakespeare had impelled him to adopt what were denounced as the dramatic heresies of the Romantics, so a perusal of translations of Walter Scott, and perhaps, also, the remarkable success attained by "The Wandering Jew" of Eugène Sue, drew him like a loadstone to the department of prose fiction, in which his most brilliant and enduring work was to be done. "Monte Cristo" appeared in 1844, and it is but justice to say that no novel ever published, not even "Waverley" or "Les Misérables," was bought with so much avidity in the country where it saw the light, or caught so swiftly the attention of the world. There have been more copies of this story printed than of any book ever produced upon the earth, with the exception of the Bible. There is not an educated man anywhere who has not read it, and it has been pored over by millions who have no claim to education. Nor will any one, however strongly his own taste may incline toward psychological analysis, deny that, so far as the gift of invention is concerned, this has never been more lavishly exhibited than in "Monte Cristo." Not even the "Arabian Nights" surpass it in this particular. But, while the marvelous fertility of imagination evinced in the devising of situations and incidents is the salient feature of the book, it should not divert us from a recognition of the skill shown in the projection of character and the

management of dialogue. There is psychological insight, also, in the exposition of the workings of conscience; indeed, every novelist must be in some sort a psychologist, and it was to the credit of the elder Dumas that he never disclosed his tools. You are never suffered by him to see the surgeon at his gruesome task of dissection.

"Monte Cristo" is one of those books, the success of which seems impossible to repeat, because the presumption is that the author, already arrived at middle life, has put the whole of his experiences, observations and reflections into it. Yet that which was scarcely conceivable, Dumas was acknowledged to have accomplished when he produced "The Three Musketeers." Of all historical novels, this is incontestably the best, if merit is to be graduated according to the charm which a work has from the outset, and long continues to have, for the great mass of readers. Considered as a mirror of the time it professes to depict, the substantial accuracy of "The Three Musketeers" has never been effectually impugned. But the condition of French society in the reign of Louis XIII., or, let us say, about the year 1630, is a subject with which only a few historical students are familiar, and in which no large number of persons can be supposed to be keenly interested. In this respect, too, the novel shows no more evidence of careful research than does Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris." But it has had hundreds of thousands of readers, to whom Hugo's story of the days of Louis XI. is a sealed book. This is because "The Three Musketeers" glows and vibrates and tingles with vitality from the first page to the last. The character of D'Artagnan is one of the most lifelike ever drawn. Real, too, and sympathetic as the comrades of yesterday are Aramis and Porthos; it is only Athos who is somewhat too idealized to be alive. Even the figures that people the middle distance and the background are no shadows; there is truth in the portrait of the great Cardinal, and verisimilitude in the features of Anne of Austria and of Buckingham. In this tale of the first half of the seventeenth century, there is, as there ought to be, more of war and of adventure than of love; and yet there is just love enough to sweeten it. In its commingling of comedy and tragedy it answered Fielding's definition of the novel—"a prose epic"—so far as this can be answered under the exceptionally difficult conditions of historical narrative.

Had the elder Dumas recognized any duty to his art or to his fame, he would have remained content for a time with the splendid remuneration brought by the two novels mentioned; he would have pursued the course, which his own son was to follow, that of never sending a book to the press or a play to the stage until it had been made worthy of its author by slow and painstaking workmanship. But the author of "Monte Cristo" was a man of pleasure and a spendthrift; and he valued neither esteem nor renown, except so far as these things could be transmuted quickly into the money needed to gratify his passions and caprices. His whole life, subsequently to the publication of "The Three Musketeers"—there was still a quarter of a century before him—was one long *dégringolade*. From an artist he became a manufacturer, and a manufacturer on a scale that had never been applied before to literature. He contracted to supply novels by the dozen, nay, the gross, and he turned them out by machinery at the stipulated date, all bearing the coveted trademark, and all superficially conformed to sample. He kept incessantly employed a great corps of assistants, a part engaged in the collection of materials, and a part in the manipulation of them. His own function was that of the foreman, or, rather, of the master, of a factory. He suggested or approved of titles and subjects; indicated methods of treatment; pointed out sources of information; inspected the rough drafts of narratives; pruned them, patched them; here and there, with expert touches, quickened the flow of a description, or sharpened the characterization, or gave crispness to dialogue. Some of these collaborators were undoubtedly extremely clever men; had they not been, we should not have seen the tolerably successful continuations of "The Three Musketeers," or such books as "The Forty-five Guardsmen," or "The Memoirs of a Physician" and its sequel. One of the cleverest of these subordinate workers, a man named Maquet, boasted of his services,



and averred that to him Dumas owed the whole of his reputation. Unfortunately for the boast, this Maquet subsequently tried to write novels single-handed, and ignominiously failed. It cannot, indeed, be disputed that Dumas, considered as a purveyor of pot-boilers, was successful beyond precedent or parallel, so long as he attended strictly to his business. But the time came when even the supervisory and revisory work, required of him in his capacity of wholesale manufacturer of novels, became irksome and insupportable. He found it easier to sell his name, which was the only treasure left him, and for some years he subsisted by publishing under his own signature the compositions of unknown authors, some of which he had not even read. Of the volumes which bear upon their title-page the once magic name of Alexandre Dumas, there are upward of a thousand, but in less than a score of these can even a trace of the author's finest workmanship be recognized. The last part of the life of the formerly triumphant dramatist, and of the most successful of all novelists, was passed in destitution, from which a respite was occasionally sought in disreputable expedients. When Dumas died, during the Franco-German War, he had completely wrecked his reputation, so far as he himself could wreck it. A part of it, however, was unshakable; he has left behind him at least two master-works, which, a century hence, are likely to give delight to millions of readers who have never heard of their author's tumultuous and changeable career.

#### THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

APPARENTLY the future of our Venezuelan Commission, appointed a few months ago amid great national excitement and warlike sentiment, is to be placid and uneventful, for cable dispatches announce some arbitration preliminaries which foreshadow a peaceable settlement of our difficulty with England over the Venezuelan matter. The martial souls who will be disappointed at the lack of a war have now only to divert their energies in a different direction for the purpose of getting the better of England. Let them devise something new to sell to the old country, or labor to increase the quantity of whatever we already produce to send over there. Perhaps enough faults may be charged against England to make an excitable American froth at the mouth, yet the fact remains that England is far the best business customer of the United States, and pays promptly for whatever it buys. We have too few foreign customers, so it behooves us to make the most of such as we have, instead of aching to blow one of them out of the water.

Chronic howlers against "the Trusts," with a large T, will be delighted with the news that one of their bugbears, the Wire Nail Trust, has been served with a writ of permanent injunction by a United States Circuit Court. At the same time it will be well to remember that the best treatment for trusts in general is not destruction but the putting them on their good behavior. Trusts, like politicians and other persons whose existence depends upon the public, can be made extremely useful so long as a sharp eye is kept upon them and criticism consists in proven truths rather than ignorant falsehoods. Many of the trusts have improved the quality and lessened the cost of articles of large consumption; they did not do this from philanthropic motives, but, strictly between ourselves, how many of us make philanthropy the motive of our dealings with our fellow-men? Watch the trusts; control them; punish them, should it be necessary; but don't crush them until something is in sight to take their place.

The recent issue of a call for a Southern States Harbor Defense Convention was an eminently sensible movement. The people of the United States are so accustomed to having the General Government provide their military defenses that the gates of our seaports are practically unprotected against any one who may suddenly devise an excuse for forcing them. The nation's plan of harbor defense is elaborate and thorough, but it cannot be put into full operation for some years to come; in the meantime the States should take some precautionary measures. The organization of naval militia is a move in the right direction, and it is rapidly becoming more popular; if, now, the Southern Convention will make much of it, and urge its naval reserves to practice persistently in gun-

nery, even with old smooth-bore cannon, which the War Department will gladly supply, any harbor may have a competent artillery force to supplement the regular army in the event of sudden war. Our present artillery establishment could not care properly for a fourth of our seaports, and Congress is reluctant to increase it.

The public will be rejoiced to learn that a prominent English Anarchist who has been working among our laboring classes for a year has found anarchy so unprofitable and unpopular here that he is about to shake the dust of America from his shoes and return to England. His special hinderance is also our national safeguard against anarchistic nonsense; it consists in the conviction of the great majority of the so-called laboring class, even of those of foreign birth, that any and every man in the United States has possibilities of rising above his present station, no matter how humble this may be. The fertile foreign soil of anarchy is among the masses who are born with the belief that they and their children must remain in the class into which they were born, but no immigrant can be in our country a year without hearing of millionaires who a few years ago were so poor that they came over from Europe in the steerage, on tickets which had to be paid for by friends in America.

If anything has been needed to place Massachusetts, mother of the old-time abolitionists, in soulful sympathy with South Carolina and other Southern States, the recent election of a colored man to membership of the Governor's Council supplied it. Mr. Isaac B. Allen, the dusky Councilor-elect, is said to be a respectable and intelligent man, but his fellow-members of all grades of mentality and morals are in what New England pithily terms "a state of mind," for they estimate Mr. Allen solely from the standpoint of color. There has been a pathetic attempt to count him out, as well as one to induce him to resign, but Mr. Allen insists that he will qualify and sit in the Council. Comments of the Southern press on this incident are awaited with trepidation by indignant Bostonians who possess sense of humor, and Southern editors are convinced that the backbone of New England opposition to the Southern "color line" is broken beyond possibility of repair.

American shipbuilders have at last secured contracts for two of the new first-class cruisers with which Japan will strengthen her navy. This is the first considerable order ever placed in the United States by any foreign country for large steel vessels of any class, so it has caused much jubilation in shipyards and throughout the iron trade. Apparently it has not heretofore been possible for American shipbuilders to compete with foreigners in the important matter of price, yet it is reported and believed that the two cruisers will cost Japan no more than if the contracts had been placed in England. As such vessels, or large merchant steamers, cost more than a million dollars each, the prospect of America competing successfully with Europe in the business of making them is much the most important encouragement of our manufacturing interests that has ever come from abroad.

Because the battleship "Texas" sank at her dock last week there has been much grumbling by the class of citizens whose peculiarity it is to imagine that whatever is made for or by the Government is an extravagance and a swindle. The truth is that the "Texas" was constructed under the supervision of our own naval experts, and after the best plans offered in competition for a prize of fifteen thousand dollars. The accident through which she sank is one to which any steamer which condenses its exhaust steam is subject; a German merchant steamer sank at her dock in New York a few years ago from exactly the same cause. Every citizen of the United States is part owner of the "Texas" and all other ships of our navy, and should therefore discourage any attempts to belittle the reputation of his property, especially as the sunken ship is already afloat again and as good as new.

At last our country has done something about the Armenian question; the deed was not great, but it was so eminently sensible and manly that there has been a general hurrah wherever the wires and newspapers have carried the story. A few persecuted Armenians at Smyrna, in

Asiatic Turkey, took refuge on a British steamer about to start for the United States. The Turkish authorities demanded their surrender. There was no British war vessel in the port for the captain to appeal to, but suddenly the "Minneapolis," flagship of our European squadron, steamed in, and Admiral Selfridge told the skipper to get under way at once, saying further that the fugitives should be protected, even if the "Minneapolis" had to bombard the town. The Admiral is to be congratulated on the incident not having occurred a few months earlier, otherwise he would have had to come home and run for the Presidency on one ticket or the other—perhaps on both.

The country continues to decline to go to the dogs. However men may disagree politically as to the reasons, the fact remains that during the week following Election Day there was a degree of business activity and an upward tendency of prices of our staple products such as has not been known in the last five years. Many closed mills were opened and scores of others made haste to increase their working force, for orders poured in with delightfully bewildering rapidity. Gold was taken to the banks from private hoards, sound railway and other securities rose steadily in price, and the real estate market became active. As to wheat, regarding which we have been asked for two or three years to pity the poor farmers, it went up about ten per cent during the week, and the end of the rise is not yet within view. No other people on earth are having and enjoying so many proofs of increasing prosperity, nor has any other people so little cause for fear in the immediate future. We Americans take any sudden good fortune as a matter of course; it would do us no harm could we know how other nations are envying us.

Unless, however, we as a people have changed our nature there is reason to fear that the return of confidence and the promise of prosperity presages another general expansion of enterprises with insufficient capital and an insufficient market. Any number of doubtful "securities" and rusty schemes are already being polished up with the expectation that they will be unloaded upon a confiding public, and thousands of merchants are preparing to trust everybody once more. All this may be good business policy for such men as have nothing to lose and everything to gain; if, however, the experiences of the last three years have not taught the average citizen to keep a tight grip upon everything he already has, and to live on what he has already earned instead of drawing upon what he expects to earn, we as a people will never deserve another chance to get ahead in the world.

Bicycle-stealing is the most popular and profitable of new industries in the United States. In all cities of the Eastern and Middle States the bicycle-owners average at least a dozen to every block, and the wheels themselves are left in doorways, in front of shops, etc., as generally and carelessly as if the millennium had come and all thieves had disappeared. What is a thief to do, in the face of so much temptation? He has only to mount the best-looking wheel in sight and pedal away to a dealer who pays cash and asks no questions; no wheel is likely to arouse in a passer-by the suspicion that it is stolen property; the owner himself, should he pass the thief, would not recognize his own property unless he could see the manufacturer's number. Over in Germany the authorities prevent such thefts by means of laws for the protection of foolish wheelmen; to each bicycle must be attached a plate on which is inscribed the name, address and occupation of the owner. Until a similar rule is adopted here a bicycle in the city will be property about as uncertain of tenure as a good horse in certain Western States.

#### AN ANCIENT MILLSTONE.

AN interesting relic of early days has been discovered at Augusta, Ia., it being the first stone burr for grinding corn ever used in the State of Iowa. In 1825 Levi Moffit landed on the west bank of the Mississippi with eleven families, and among their belongings was the machinery for a grist mill. The mill was built at Augusta, on the Skunk River, and on the opening day grist was brought from Illinois, Missouri and all over Iowa.



BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE Castle case, however interesting, is not unique. A few months ago I recited in this column the curious circumstances surrounding the disappearance of a woman of fashion. She went from her home one morning. At night she had not returned. On the morrow her daughters went to their relatives. None of them had seen her. It was surmised that she might have been run down by a bike or disabled by a cable car. But no accident of the kind was recorded. Presently it was discovered that under an assumed name she was doing time for shop-lifting.

Three years ago a young girl, pretty as a peach, connected with the English nobility, was up in Bow Street for stealing. Her mother, at whose instigation the theft was committed, threw a glance out of the window and followed it.

The year previous, in an English country house, there was a jewel robbery. The thief was a young bride, the schoolmate, intimate friend and guest of the lady to whom the jewels belonged. Suspected and accused, the husband of the young woman made her bring suit for slander. The defense resulted in her conviction.

In each of these instances the culprits were wealthy. Some time ago, there were thefts, not in the Four Hundred, for the Four Hundred had not been invented then, but from among the best people in the city. The culprit turned out to be a young woman interconnected by birth and by marriage with them all. Thereafter when anything was missed in a household which she had visited, the loser would go to her, kiss her and get it back. It was a family matter and as such entirely private.

At that time there was a journalist in this city who was not alone a favorite socially but who was a man of great ability. He kept a bachelor establishment in which it was his amiable habit to invite those who had entertained him. There, of an afternoon, or of an evening, people would gather and take back from him things which he had taken from them. There never was a word exchanged on the subject. Presently he became the husband of a very charming woman. They went to England. In an omnibus tour through Piccadilly he scraped acquaintance with a young person who subsequently alleged that he had asked her to marry him and who brought suit for breach of promise. He denied his identity on oath, and to avoid the consequences of the perjury fled to Italy, where he died.

Then there was a young chap, abominably good-looking and surprisingly bright, whose name is part and parcel of early American history. At a dinner given by his cousin—a lady who subsequently interested this continent and the next by the second marriage which she contracted—a ring, which she handed round for inspection, disappeared. So much was said and such was the feeling that in no time at all the ring was returned by that young chap with a statement to the effect that he had found it in the lining of his sleeve. A day or two later I heard Talboys, dead since but not forgotten, ordering a coat of a tailor whom we patronized in common and expressly stipulating that it should not have that kind of a sleeve.

Barring the latter case, and with it the case of the young girl whose thefts were incited by her mother, the rest belong not to jurisprudence but to pathology. There is a shrug in the papers when kleptomania is mentioned. There is another when pyromania occurs. But was it not a bountiful Providence which has enabled us to sneer at whatever we don't understand. Neither of these disorders is understood, and still less so is the necessity for crime which in certain natures is as imperious as hunger.

Precisely as there are men, and women too, who must write verse, whom the Muse haunts, whose thoughts she entangles, whose steps she detains until her will is done and the poem as well, so there are individuals whom crime commands, to whom it is a torturesome obsession, of which they may rid themselves only by committing the act which it inspires or by outwitting it with a bodkin, by felony or suicide.

In a work of rare merit, a thinker, Pierre Janet, has recently explored the tenebrous borderlands from which these obsessions come and has shown that beneath its visible dwelling the mind has cellars in which strange tenants prowl. Beyond the frontiers of the understanding are the lost lands of sub-consciousness, and it is there that memories which we have forgotten, influences that we knew nothing of, impulses which we may never feel, watch and wait. Our individuality is dual. Half our being is unaware what the other half is about. In normal condition, man is a bundle of ideas and sensations that are consequent and orderly. In certain crises of the emotions, in pathological conditions, provoked by causes as yet obscure, but which are more frequent in women than in men, the orderly arrangement of that bundle is disturbed, ideas and sensations twist awry, and from the caves of our being influences and impulses spring and take us unaware.

It was an obsession of this kind which was at work on Mrs. Castle. To punish her was foolish, to condemn her, absurd. The disorder with which she is afflicted is one of the precursors of paralysis. But judges are not pathologists. When they become so they will not alone be wiser but more humane.

Popular dictums usually turn out to be popular lies. The latest to be nailed is the allegation that the rich are getting richer and the poor, poorer. Mr. Mallock, who has been looking into the matter, finds that it is just the other way. He makes the rich include persons whose incomes are over five thousand dollars a year; to those who are not rich he allots from seven hundred and fifty to five thousand dollars; while he catalogues among the working classes those with less than seven hundred and fifty dollars. According to his estimates, which cover the past thirty years, the first category has not increased as has the second, and the individuals composing it, instead of growing richer, have grown poorer, while the persons composing the second category have increased not alone in numbers but in estate, and the working classes, instead of getting poorer, instead of finding it harder to earn a living, have increased not in numbers, for they are constantly evolving into the second category, but in wealth, both in the aggregate and in the average, faster than any other class in the community.

He gives figures and data in support of these statements which I will not transcribe. Coming from him they are eminently trustworthy, and as such presumably true. The point is that the fallacy of a socialistic catch-phrase is demonstrated as pertinently as facts and figures can do it. Where he errs is in his classifications.

Wealth does not, and never has, and never will, consist in so much per annum. The factors of wealth are twofold: the first is freedom; the second, limitation of desire. Money is simply a rampart against a quantity of discomforts. The man who is really wealthy is one who each morning in the year can say to himself, "The day is mine." And who can say, too, "How many things there are of which I have no need." Their number, however, is not increasing. There were a few of them some time ago, and they were known as the Seven Sages of Greece.

A week or two ago I stated that Mr. Edgar Fawcett was our foremost poet. I have since been honored with several requests to give my reasons. I am very glad to do so. I will begin by quoting from Mr. Fawcett's "Romance and Revery," a poem which he entitles "Master and Slave":

"On his rotting old throne sat Death, in a cave where the black dews fell:  
Near by stood his beautiful awful slave, the angel Azrael.  
'Have you served me true,' said Death, 'in your work of tears to-day?'  
And Azrael answered, 'Live the King! I hearken and I obey.'

'A bride on her bridal morn; a lover that dreamed of bliss;  
A child, last left in a widow's home—these stiffened beneath my kiss.

'These and the numberless more; yea, master, my work of tears  
To-day has sped as in other days, for years, for years,  
and for years.'

Death smiled with his dark sad mouth, with his hard grave passionless eye.  
'And what of the souls that sought your kiss? Did you pass these proudly by?'

'When the mourners moaned your name with their longing lips and wan,  
When a wild hand signaled you to pause, did you then pass proudly on?'

And the angel Azrael said, in lowly and loyal way:  
'Even so, dark master. Live the King! I hearken and I obey.'

I quote the poem, haphazard. Mr. Fawcett has published four volumes of verse. In each volume each poem is as good as the foregoing. Many are better. Some are immeasurably superior. If there be in this country another living poet who has done as well, his fame has not yet reached me. If there be in this country a poet whose verse, in quality as in quantity, surpasses Mr. Fawcett's, that verse is not yet published. These are my reasons for making the statement which I did.

There was an hour in the history of life when there were altars to love, when men, and women too, believed in the divinity, when in the islands of the Ægean there were temples dedicated to Aphrodite, when Rome forsook Mars for Venus, and there was an earlier hour when Tanit ruled in Carthage, Bilet in Babylon, Hathor in Memphis, and Ashera in the glades of Judea.

But this is a more skeptical age. Legends are gracious still perhaps, but they are legends. We are beginning to believe in love, as we long since learned to believe in William Tell; that is, as something quite inspiring, particularly when set to music by Rossini, but otherwise as a myth. The shrines have gone, the altars, the temples too. The ruins even are so dispersed that outside the covers of a classical dictionary you will barely catch a rumor of her who sat in that high place at Paphos.

In the circumstances it is pleasant to note that an edifice has at last been erected where pilgrims of passion may find another Mecca.

Several years ago a young prince, so handsome, so gracious, so charming that you would have thought he had stepped straight from a fairy tale, said farewell to love, to empire and to life, for no other reason than that he could not marry the lady who, as Petrarch would have put it, had imparadised his heart.

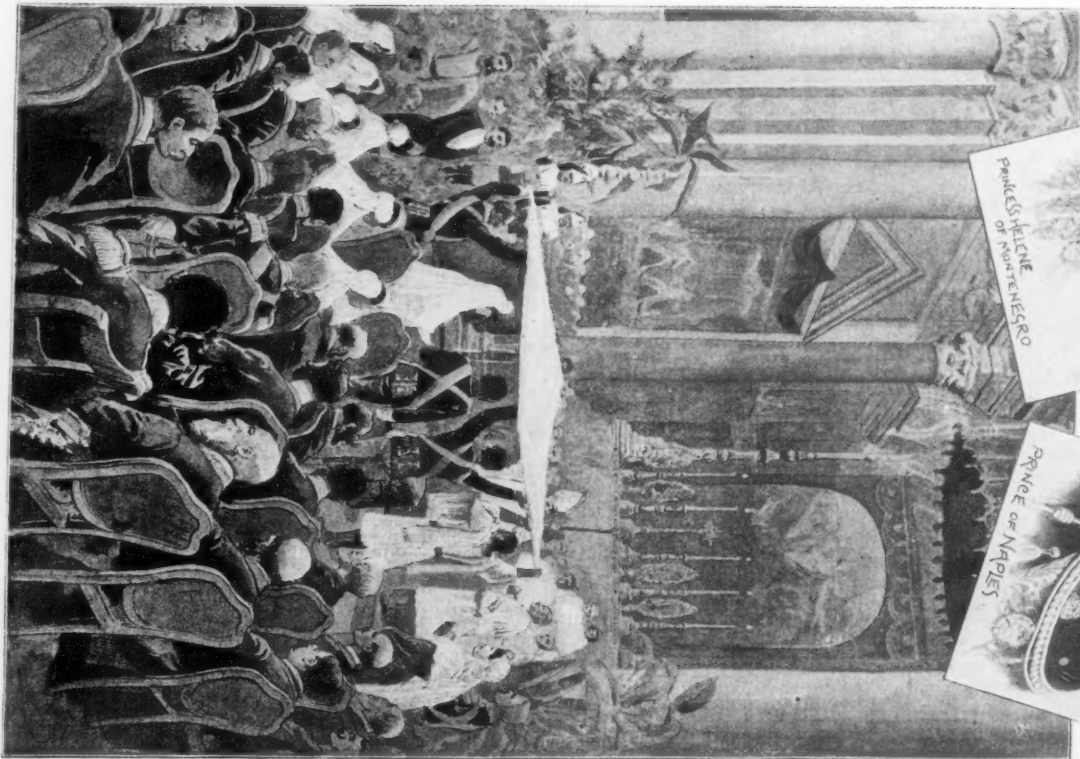
The romance, a trifle faded now, at that time moved the world to tears. There was much gossip, as you may perhaps recall, innumerable lies. Politics was dragged in by the heels, assassination for reasons of State was alleged—in brief, mystery and confusion where only love had been. But time, which always has the last word, long since had its say. The farewell, however prodigal in the abstract, was recognized as voluntary in the concrete; lovely, too, it would seem, for the Emperor of Austria purchased the pavilion in the forest of Meyerling where his son died, and a few weeks ago, just prior to the marriage of his niece to the Duke of Orleans, dedicated a chapel there to the memory of an idyl as tragical and poetic as ever issued from the uplands of dream.

Heretofore pilgrims of passion have knelt at the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. Hereafter they may go to that sanctuary in the green-wood where Rudolph and Mary rest.

Apropos to the high and mighty, the visit which the Duke and Duchess of York are to make here next autumn will presumably cause more of a stir than has the presence of Prince Louis of Savoy. The latter is the son of the late Prince Amadeus who for a little while was King of Spain. Not by his own wish, however, as you may remember. The Cortes cast about for some one to sit on the throne, took a fancy to him, invited him to come, and he accepted the bidding. But presently it was discovered that the bullfights in Madrid took place without him. It was noticed that his wife wore French bonnets instead of the mantilla. Such things are serious matters in a serious place like Spain. One day he was hissed. On the morrow there was the rumor of a revolution. Amadeus shrugged his shoulders and packed his valise. "I thought you wanted me," he said. "Since you don't, let me go." And the prince who happened to be philosopher went his way. Had he remained and had he lived, do you not think that his philosophy would stand Spain in good stead to-day?

THE vertical system of handwriting is growing in favor generally throughout this country. It is announced in Michigan that more schools throughout the State are to teach it this year than have taught it in any year before.



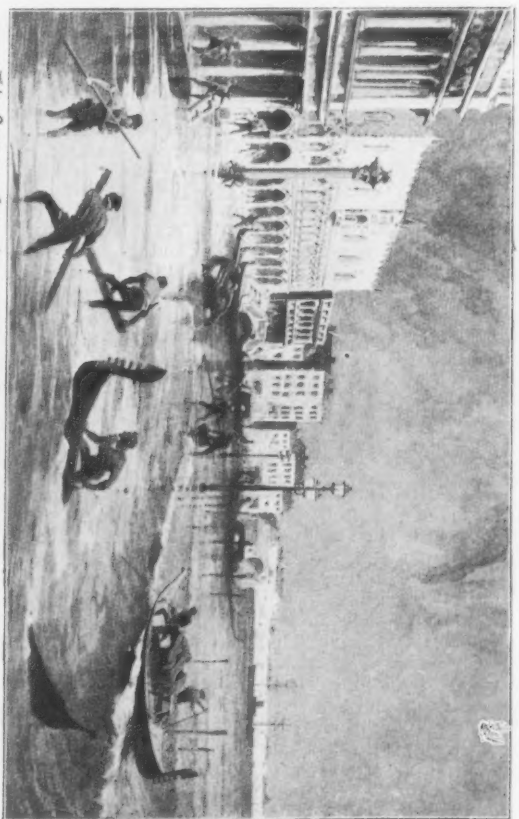
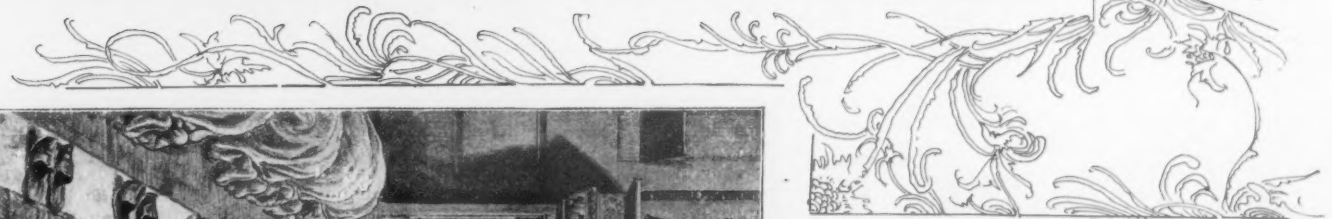


THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF NAPLES TO PRINCESS HELENE OF MONTENEGRO

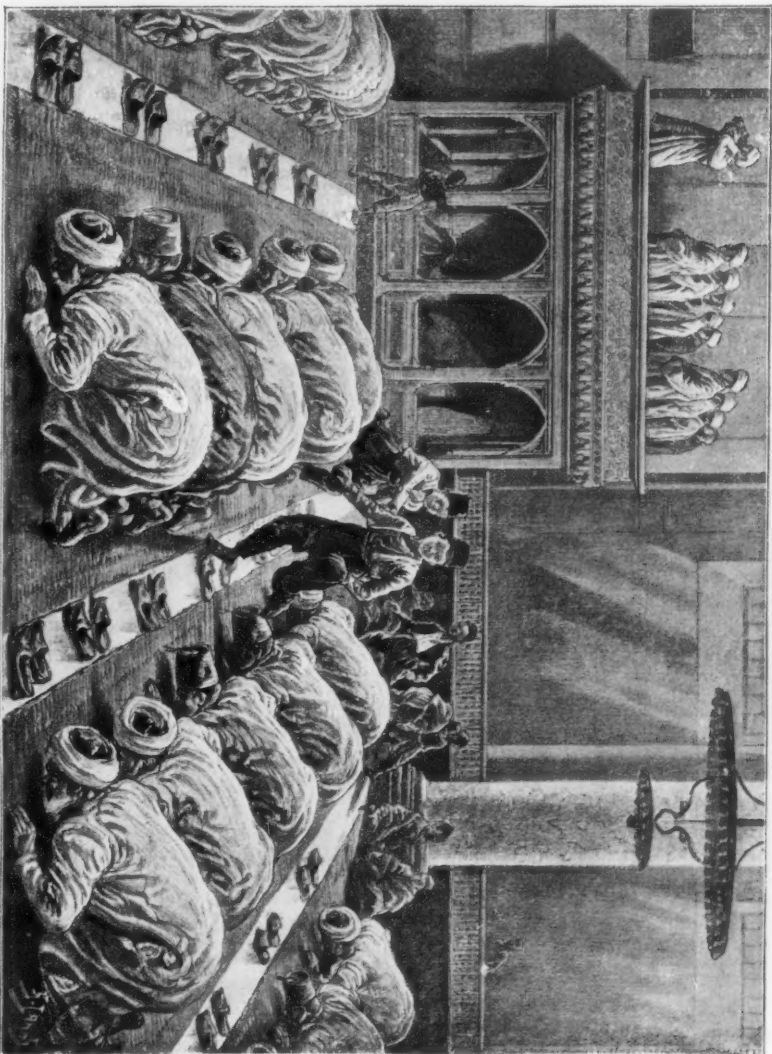


PRINCESS HELENE  
OF MONTENEGRO

PRINCE OF NAPLES



THE GREAT STORM AT VENICE OCTOBER 15



SOME FOREIGN PICTURES.  
MIGHTY AND IMPUDENCE A SCENE AT EVENING PRAYER AT THE MOSQUE OF SAN SOFIA @ CONSTANTINOPLE



# MEN MANNER MOOD

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

## XVII.

It seems to me that nothing could be at once more important and delightful, in this country, than the discovery of a real "down South" negro poet. The antecedents and traditions of the race brim with pathos and picturesqueness. One need never to have seen a cane-brake, or a cotton-field, or a drowsy old cabin, or a turtle-haunted swamp, or a grove of magnolia or a copse of Cherokee roses. One has heard of them and dreamed of them, just the same; and if he chance to be a scribbler he has longed to use them as "material" at first-hand, if he chance to be a rhymester he has longed to make rhymes about them clad with the authenticity of actual experience. Eastman Johnson's picture of "The Old Kentucky Home" has given me far keener pleasure than certain Tintoretos or even Titians. I would rather hear Patti sing "Way down upon the Suwanee River" (isn't that the particular negro melody that she does so touchingly and thrillingly sing after the woes of *Lucia* or *Somnambula* are over, and everybody is clamoring for just a little more of her unearthly cadences?) than listen to many a classic aria I haven't the courage to name.

We all feel that the black race have had terrible sorrows, unique and fantastic joys. They may not attract us on Sixth Avenue of a Sunday morning as ladies and gentlemen with spectacular parasols and emerald kid gloves, with scintillant "stove-pipes" and collars that are pale, steep palisades of celluloid; but remembered or imagined in their cotton gowns, Afric turbans, prodigal ear-rings, vagabond straw hats, semi-detached suspenders and tatterdemallion trousers, somewhere "down in Dixie," they affect us as just the people from which a genuine untutored bard should spring. I can fancy even a Leconte de Lisle, that poet of the marble muse, with a chisel for a pen, augustly approving some such warbler of wood-notes wild, and I am sure that our own dear dead Longfellow would have laid upon his dusk forehead benedictional hands.

But now we are confronted with a negro poet, Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, who has received a collegiate education, and who has published a book of verse, and who has been "hailed" as the "pioneer singer" of his race. He has written "When de Q'on Pone's Hot," and it reads exactly like one of the innumerable dialectic "arrangements" of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley and his many grammarless imitators. He has also written a certain lyric called "A Creed and not a Creed," which affects one, somehow, like a Whittier in slippers and pajamas; and he has achieved an "Ode to Ethiopia," from which we had a right to expect something at least touching and plaintive, if not sublime, but which contains this curiously braggart stanza:

"Be proud, my Race, in mind and soul;  
Thy name is writ on Glory's scroll  
In characters of fire:  
High 'mid the clouds of Fame's bright sky  
Thy banner's blazoned folds now fly,  
And truth shall lift them higher.

No; this is not a negro poet, if he be any kind of poet at all. The unutterable tragedy of his down-trodden progenitors finds in him no adequate voice. Their anguish and persecution and martyrdom—their tortures of the slave-ship, their long dire decades of bondage, their terrors and tears in the public mart, their final blood-bought freedom and the sarcasm of its practical reward, might challenge the genius of a new Dante. But great epic poets have a caprice of not arriving when expected. Sometimes a kind of Burns arrives with rather neat punctuality, if occasion requires. But this Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, as I chronicle with great regret, is certainly neither a black Dante nor a black Burns. Indeed he "sings" so much like a young white man of mediocre powers, that our own black-and-white "Uncle Remus," in the soft lyricism of a valid humor and humanity and wisdom, might well teach him his paces as a poet.

One of the cleverest men I know said to me, not long since: "There are two things that greatly annoy prominent people! The first is being talked about, and the second is not being talked about." But for some reason certain

newspapers appear to think the latter doom one especially agonizing to distinguished persons. They have a system of "boycotting" particular individuals that is often extremely persistent. "The Tribune" has not mentioned my name for three years," a gentleman of note once informed me. "And why should you care?" I inquired. "Ah, that is just the point," he replied; "I do not care at all, but I care that the 'Tribune' should think me capable of caring." This answer struck me as exceedingly human. Since then I have heard that the "Tribune" is a notorious boycotter of famous names that have come under its august displeasure. The possessors of these names don't care a fig about their ostracism—why should they? They wouldn't be worthy of bearing them if they did. But, very naturally, they feel the sting of having it supposed by little spiteful minds that they are being "punished" or "paid back" for real or fancied grievances. This boycotting, too, is a more serious matter than merely vengeful malice could make it, for it helps to attest with still stronger emphasis the terrible insincerity of the modern newspaper. It is bad enough in the way of editorials; in criticism it is not only evil but ridiculous. And what is more, it sometimes takes the form of systematic abuse of a reformer, a statesman, an actor, a painter, or even a poor author. I should like to be the editor-in-chief of some noteworthy journal, like the "Tribune," for a single week. Before the end of that time a few minor editorial heads might have fallen. I could reward a subordinate for conscientiously damning my own best friend, but I would have no mercy on one who falsely praised his own best friend, knowing himself salaried to tell the honest truth.

Now and then one feels one's self entering a book as if it were a cathedral. I found this true of Miss Lilian Whiting's "The World Beautiful." The book itself is charmingly written, its style having that flexible, clinging quality which makes the subject itself seem almost inseparable from its mode of discussion. Long ago I ventured to coin a word which I called "Optipessimist," for it seemed to me that there are many people whose spirits are shared in equal parts by brightness and gloom. But this will not do for Miss Whiting at all. Her "World Beautiful" is literally that and nothing else. There are pages of her book that seem to give forth, as one turns them, a kind of benedictional crackle, like the sound of a burning log on a large, hospitable hearth. One may not be in sympathy with this author's creeds, one may not accept her calm, almost sublime trust that everything which is right, and yet before the radiant problem of her personal happiness one stands mystified and amazed. Miss Whiting has no time for anything but happiness, and plainly she was born with the secret of it—passionate interest in one's fellow-creatures. To quote her own words, "Enjoyment, indeed, depends more on this one faculty of finding a wide and varied range of sympathies than it does on the possession of fortune, or position, or any other favorite gifts of circumstance. With the power of being interested in many things the peasant is rich, and without it the king is poor." Those who doubt the sincerity of Miss Whiting's rosy outlook have only to read her. Emerson was not a more fervent believer in the perfection of the universal plan. But Emerson lived, more or less, the life of a recluse. He ate pie at Concord, and read Plato, and wrote, in his exquisite, Shakespearian English, to Carlyle, a man who never knew how to write English, or never chose to learn, or (if you will, and as I have thought and firmly believed for nearly a quarter of a century) never had any higher aim than that of scolding and posing, and never was able to recommend a single practical cure for the social and political ills which made him epileptically froth at the mouth. Carlyle was, in my honest thinking, an intellectual attitudinizer and a philosophic charlatan; he surprised and shocked people into believing him important, just as Mr. George Meredith is doing to-day. Emerson, on the other hand, was a lovely and majestic soul, pierced by convictions that the exact scientific thinker cannot indorse, yet none the less holding his right of free speech with a gentle dignity and a quiet grandeur of utterance which perhaps stamp him as the most consummate master of English prose this continent has yet developed. Even when one disagrees most heartily with Emerson, one reverences the nobility of his ethics, the purity of his ideals,

the durable authenticity of his literary gifts. Miss Whiting, endowed with deep earnestness and the spontaneity of eloquence born from it, might be called a practical expositor of Emerson's tenets. "The World Beautiful" is for her not a place merely to dream in, but to live in with a superabundant sense of enjoyment. She sees nothing sad in death, nothing deplorable in the ghastliest calamities which overtake the human race. She disdains, in defending her intense optimism, the usual methods and weapons of logic. She simply will not have it that her emotions and "intuitions" are valueless. You cannot argue with her, for she stands on ground not professedly beyond or above debate, but rather beside it—or, as she herself might say, "parallel" with it. Her book has a kind of diamond cheerfulness; it glitters with the joy of living. There are many whom it cannot convince, and the present writer confesses himself among that number. But I feel certain that even a man like Mr. Herbert Spencer, or the late Professor Huxley, would regard as valuable the curious evidence it supplies. The evidence, I mean, of an intellect familiar with all the merciless destructive elements of rationalistic thinking, and yet one which stoutly adheres to beliefs long ago discarded by many of our broadest and most impartial minds. Such intellects exist, outside of all ecclesiastic dominion, and it is idle to deny the serenity of their equipoise, even if we will not admit the clarity of their deductions. And to their bounteous philanthropy, sympathy, indulgence, forgiveness, what but words of praise should be proffered?

In a recent book of essays Mr. Brander Matthews makes the amazing statement that neither Tennyson nor Victor Hugo were "thinkers." "There are those," he says, "who have proclaimed Wordsworth to be a thinker as well as a poet, but they would be daring indeed who should set up such a claim for Tennyson." . . . And again, of the immortal Frenchman—immortal, despite his conceded faults: "It might almost be said that Victor Hugo was as impervious to thought as he was to humor." Well, there is a boldness about all this which makes one recall an old Italian proverb: *Chi non sa niente non dubita di niente*. And so Tennyson is not a thinker!—Tennyson, who wrote "The Princess" (so packed with thought that one marvels how its creator found a place for the entrancing poetry contained in it); and "The Vision of Sin"; and "The Two Voices"; and the "Ode on the Death of Wellington"; and "Love thou thy Land"; and "Locksley Hall"; and "In Memoriam"; and "Lucretius"—this poor over-rated Tennyson was not a "thinker"! I have purposely selected a few of the late laureate's least purely emotional poems; but many of his most emotional ones are shot through with a vitalizing splendor of intellectualism. . . . And Victor Hugo, too, was not a "thinker"! The man who gave us "Nôtre Dame de Paris," and "Les Misérables," and those stormily romantic yet incomparably powerful plays, and "La Légende des Siècles," and the withering yet truthful ironies of "Les Châtiments" (leveled at one of the worst rogues who ever dared to grab a throne), and "L'Année Terrible," and countless other lofty chants in cause of philanthropy, liberty, a larger and purer life both political and social, this absolute demigod both of contemplative and passionate literary expression, was not a "thinker"! Well, well, there are things that somehow get themselves written. This one can understand, for the manuscripts annually produced in Bloomingdale Asylum are doubtless none the less copious because discreetly suppressed. But how certain things get themselves printed is quite another question. "They would be daring indeed," run the words of our oracle, "who should set up such a claim for Tennyson." Let us screw our courage to the sticking-point. Thank Heaven that Tennyson, to quote his own words, has gone where "beyond these voices there is peace." Still, before they buried him in Westminster Abbey, after he had weathered tempests of abuse from those "who sweat and fret in pigmy wars" and "hate each other for a song," and "spill their life about the cliques," they had concluded that, all in all, he was the grandest thinker and poet (for he could not have been the last without also being the first) whom this dying century had produced. He rests very peacefully, however. Not even such a seismic cataclysm as Mr. Matthews' "criticism" is likely to mar his repose.





## XII.

## THE NATURAL ANIMAL.

Of all creatures man is outwardly the most changeable; he is never weary of slipping on disguises, and only at extraordinary moments, or upon strict compulsion, does he appear his actual self. I suppose one reason of this histrionic disposition may be that there is more in him than can be expressed save by acting out all manner of rôles not his in the straight line of inheritance. Unlike other animals, he is forever speculating about himself, and trying one experiment after another to prove whether this or that dress of mind or body suits him better. Each clique, age or race presents differing solutions of the problem, and each laughs at all the others, and at itself as well, knowing its own fickleness and the hopelessness of attaining an immutable standard. Not until man knows what he is will he begin to discern what he ought to be, and even then it will be æons before he can be satisfied to let himself outwardly appear the expression of his own inward reality. Or perhaps Shakespeare was eternally right, and man not only is a player now, but is so in his vital constitution, and the individual is destined to show, as time goes on, all possible and conceivable versions attributable to the primal and undivided Man, which are infinite. The series in the mighty comedy will never be exhausted, the Sphinx, ever loquacious, yet never reveals her final secret, and we are not and can never be ourselves, but always and only the passing shadows of an unknown and invisible entity.

If this be so, it gives us a possible explanation, from the philosophic standpoint, of the existence of other animals than the human one. For, at the first blush, it would seem that we might have got on well enough without any other animals at all. Animals serve us for food and draught, for amusement and companionship; or they minister to our discomfort and add to our perils, as the case may be. But these are not sufficient reasons for their existence. Man's ingenuity is adequate to the devising of mechanical means for supplanting, and far more than supplanting, all that animals can do for us in the way of bearing or drawing burdens, or guarding or rescuing us from danger. The ox, the horse and the dog are out of date beside the steam-engine and the burglar alarm. As for the question of food, we are beginning to find out that flesh is unnecessary to the life and health of man, who lives best and longest on fruit and vegetables; while the hunter is already becoming an anachronistic survival of the unfittest, and game laws must be established to enable him still to enjoy his archaic pursuit. The uniform tendency of ages is to diminish the supply of all noxious creatures, from the Indian tiger down to the unseen but more formidable microbe; and if these things had any moral value as furnishing us with types of our evil passions or lessons in caution or courage, these uses can readily be supplanted by other means. Why, then, in the scheme of a supposed infinitely wise Creator, were non-human animals created? As objects of affection and humanity? Man's inhumanity to man still makes its thousands mourn, and there is not in our race more human kindness than can easily be expended in caring for the distressed and degraded among ourselves. In short, man seems amply sufficient unto himself for all the good or evil uses of his mortal existence.

So far as can be seen, then, the only solid excuse for the animal's existence is his unchangeableness. As he is born, so remains he. It is true, of course, that geologic research shows the animal gradually developing from one to another plane of form and function; but we have to do only with the animal as we know him during the lifetime of the human race within historic periods. The ichthyosaurus and the megatherium have but a scientific interest for our day, and it concerns us not to know that elephants were once bigger than now, and had woolly hides. The dog may once have been a wolf or a fox, and the horse have had toes;

the cat of our firesides may before the Flood have been a leopard, and civilization may have wrought modifications in the cow. We may even admit that the American trotting-horse is a development of a few decades back, and that fleas have been taught to pull wagons, and white mice to gambol unscathed between the paws of their natural enemy. The fact remains that animals, as we and our remotest known ancestors have seen them, are practically unaltered; they are the same to the contemporary New Yorker that they were to the inhabitant of Nineveh and Thebes; the transformations that have carried us well-nigh beyond our own recognition have left them untouched. To all intents and purposes animals are as constant as the planet, as light and dark, heat and cold, the attraction of gravitation. Thus they constitute a chain connecting us with the past, a basis of sympathy and comparison, a standard whereby to measure our divagations. We care for them because we trace in them characteristics of ourselves; our fierceness in the lion, our sagacity in the elephant, our fidelity in the dog, our treachery in the cat, our industry in the ant, and so on; the horse figures swiftness, the ox patient strength. But this is not their chief claim to our regard, or the main reason of their value. They help us to remember ourselves, by showing us age after age these indestructible pictures of our basic qualities. They tether us to humanity, and limit the extent of our whimsical wanderings therefrom. They are the antidote to fashion. They refresh and recreate us, as our own children do, with unadulterated draughts of pure nature. For much as the foible of the moment may incline us to denounce nature, and wrap ourselves from her by all curious devices, yet is nature the only thing in life that we really care for, and as we cannot sophisticate animals, we rejoice in them as in nothing else, and stultify our fashionable professions by our practical delight in them and their artless manifestations. We may ignore our friend on the Avenue who wears a last year's coat or a last week's bonnet, but we all flock to the horse or bench show just the same, and would be wofully at a loss should our dogs or horses make such guys of themselves as we are solicitous to do of our own persons and conduct.

Thus, for lack of a better reason, do I account for the congregation of men and women at the Madison Square Garden last week. They thought they came because it was "the thing" to go; they spoke of it as a great society function, and they were careful to put on their newest style of garments—though, in spite of the animadversions of certain social reformers, the ladies left the bare necks and the unpantaletted legs to the horses themselves. The boxes were filled and the band played; the dudes posed and the ladies laughed; the leaders of fashion did their leading, and the led meekly followed; scandal was talked and gossip was rampant. You might have thought that the horse was but an excuse for indulgence in diversions with which he had no vital connection; but it was not so. If the horses had been of wood, society would not have been there, no matter how cunningly the imitations were carved and colored. Society dimly felt that horses represent something better than society, without which, in fact, society could not exist; for society comes to self-consciousness only in so far as it can estimate its divergence from what is not society. It finds in the horse, not what it rose from exactly, but one of the elemental things which it is pleased to hide within itself; and it is gratified to assure itself that the thing in question is indestructible and beautiful beyond the competition of Paris hats or Rock coats. It likes to be reminded that it is playing a part, and to be told by this mute four-legged friend that its own mother would hardly recognize it. Fashion loves nature, if for no better reason because nature alone can demonstrate to her that she is fashionable.

I am well aware of the singular anomaly that horse-dealers are not regarded as models of humanity, and that there are special criticisms to be made upon many of those who devote themselves in any marked degree to this animal. There is no need of investigating this mystery here. The horse is a noble and beautiful thing, and if we prostitute things beautiful and noble to purposes of gain, no doubt we suffer the penalty of all profanation. Neither do I altogether understand why "The Turf" is always spoken of with so assured an accent of

admiration, as the noblest of sports. They say it improves the breed. No doubt; but the breed's improvement always results in the pecuniary gain of the owners; horses are not raced for love. Why is racing a blooded horse a nobler sport than gambling on 'Change? The horse is a live thing, and a noble thing, whereas a stock can only figuratively be alive, and there is no nobility in it. But the nobility of the horse does not filter into its rider or owner; because a trained thoroughbred will run the heart out of him in emulation of the other thoroughbreds in the race, it does not follow that the man who has ten thousand dollars on the result is in a lofty frame of mind. His heart beats just as loudly when Reading falls three points or wheat jumps ten, and from the same causes. And yet it is undeniable that everybody would be sorry, and justly so, were horse-racing to be discontinued and that only a very limited number of persons, whose feelings are not specially worth considering, would regret the abolition of the Stock Exchange. We are then left to the conclusion that horse-racing is desirable not for the behoof of the book-makers, but for the horse, who, in spite of the base uses to which sordid persons may put him, remains always a horse—a natural animal of splendid powers and lovely to look upon. He is good in the same way that an exquisite landscape or a strain by Bach is good; he helps us without our knowing how he does it; we may be bad with him, but who knows how much worse we might be without him?

The horse show is the apotheosis of the horse; to call it a fashionable function is only a device for sheltering our vanity. When I entered that vast arena the other night, and saw the crowds that thronged the floor and filled the seats and boxes, I saw the smartest people in New York, and very smart many of them were; the men good-looking, the women pretty, everybody prosperous, and McKinley elected. Nowhere were to be found finer clothes or manners more polished; the conversation was the thing in every particular and intonation. But what most struck me was the immense superiority in attractiveness of the horses in the arena—that great oval with its velvety flooring of brown tan-bark. One glanced with but transient interest at the silks, diamonds and coiffures in the boxes; one's head involuntarily kept turning to those graceful, spirited, proud-stepping creatures within the ring. One delighted to meet the shining glance of their eyes, as fresh and unspoiled as when old Job pictured them in the boyhood of the race. After all, one said to himself—after all this *fin-de-siècle* stuff and nonsense, after all the daily murders and robberies, scandals and catastrophes, massacres and wars, monarchies and republics—here is still the horse, the horse of history, surviving uncontaminated, untroubled by the past, unoccupied by the future, rejoicing to be alive, ready to run his race, perfect in his place, within his limits a symbol, a lesson and an inspiration. How good to reflect that our vices can never infect him, our meannesses belittle or our follies debauch him! In his simple magnificence he remains indestructible. And on the other hand, so long as we care for and cultivate him, we are never such poor creatures as we may seem or pretend; there must survive in our souls something of the horse's virtues; and the time will come when this hidden element of courage, strength, grace and obedience will grow within us to fuller manifestation, and at future horse shows we may say, not how humiliating is the contrast between the horse and his rider, but how well-matched they are! The frieze of the Parthenon shall be no longer an artist's dream, but a living reality.

As I walked up the avenue under the stars, the bicyclists skimmed by me like phantoms; but the bicycle will be forgotten and the horse will live. He is immortal, and man would cease to be man without him.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## A GREAT RAILWAY.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. owns and operates 6,160 miles of road.  
It operates its own Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars.  
It traverses the best portion of the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, South and North Dakota.  
Its Sleeping and Dining Car service is first-class in every respect.  
It runs vestibuled, steam-heated and electric-lighted trains.  
It has the absolute block system.  
It uses all modern appliances for the comfort and safety of its patrons.  
Its train employees are civil and obliging.  
It tries to give each passenger "value received" for his money, and  
Its General Passenger Agent asks every man, woman and child to buy tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—for it is a Great Railway.











## OUR CHURCH FAIR.

BY M. C. McNEILL.

"DEAR me!" observed Mrs. Ferret with a friendly grin as she settled herself comfortably in a rocker on her neighbor's stoop. "Now, I'd just about die of lonesomeness if I didn't hev you to come an' visit with every onct in a while. You're the only neighbor within hol-ferin' distance of my house, an' I can cawl to your Jimmy ef I want him to run of an errand down to the grocery store, or I can peek out o' my kitchen window an' see you settin' here with the baby or doing your chores around the yard. An' I can hear you real plain talkin' to Jimmy an'—"

"Talkin' to him!" echoed Mrs. Sharp with indignant wrath; "yellin' at 'im, you mean, enough to wake the dead an' a disgrace to the neighborhood, that's what it is the way that child carries on; it's his father's fault a humerin' him in everything. I followed him all around the yard this mornin' with a bean pole, but I might as well a' tried to catch a firebug as that young one. Well," concluded Mrs. Sharp, with a sigh of suffering and defeated motherhood, "he's five year old, an' this winter sees him a-goin' to school or my name ain't what it is; an' I'll never say nothin' to any teacher as gives him a lickin', he's fairly aching for one; an' ef it wern't for his father's a interferin', the rod wouldn't be spared an' the child wouldn't be spoiled. He's the aggravatinist young one I ever did see!"

"He had a good time at the Fair last night," snickered Mrs. Ferret, loosening the strings of her gingham sunbonnet, which she drew off her head and waved back and forth in front of her face. "Phew! ain't it hot! Our church fair's always on the very hottest days in the year. That's 'cause of the ice cream; they sell a lot o' that on hot nights. How did you make out last night? I didn't hardly hev a chance to speak with you, there was such jam, an' I was helpin' 'em at the cake table. What time did you get around? Was you there when the band begun to play?"

"I got there just as they was playin' 'Sweet Maree,' Johnny Wilson toots on the cornet real good. I might a' been there at the start," sighed Mrs. Sharp, "but, laws, it were seven o'clock afore I got through with the supper things; Jim's always late gettin' home from the shop ef I want to go anywhere, an' Lord knows 'tain't often I do. Of course there was the children an' myself to clean after that. I put on my new shalloy dress, the white one with the black beetles onto it. I only paid three an' a half cents a yard for it down to Adamuses when they was sellin' off a job lot. It made up real nice, an' to see me in it you wouldn't think I weighed two hundred pounds. An' I put on my sailor hat with the blue band around it. When I got through I was pretty near roasted, I tell you, an' my face was as red as a pianny. So I took the children an' went along. The baby behaved pretty good; but Jimmy—just as ef he doesn't know how to make noise enough to take your head off—his pa goes an' buys him a whistle at the Jack-in-the-box, an' he kep' up such a screechin' with it that I couldn't hear myself think, so I tuk it away from him an' put it in my pocket; it's there yet."

"How did you like the way the tables was fixed?" inquired Mrs. Ferret.

"Oh, I didn't think much of 'em," sniffed Mrs. Sharp. "I could a' fixed 'em better myself. They didn't look tasty a bit, an' things was so dear you couldn't buy any thing. I warn't goin' to pay double for things I could make home easy enough, iron holders an' that. So we went an' had some ice cream; it was awful bad, the taste of it's in my mouth yet! An' they charged fifteen cents a plate for it an' never so much as give us a crumb o' cake with it. Cake was five cents extray."

Here Mrs. Ferret gave a long chuckle before she said: "They was awful mad at the cake table. Mrs. Adams had charge of it. You know the cakes was all *do-nated*, an' some was sent to the cake table to be sold an' some was giv to the supper table to eat with their cawfee an' that. Well, there wasn't enough to go round at the supper afore it was half through with. An' one o' the cakes was made o' ham fat! Oh, just as true as you live, an' everybody knowed where it come from, too. Well, they was hoppin' mad. I giv 'em two pounds o' cawfee. But, to make a long story short, some of the supper committee come to us an' wanted to take the cakes offen our table. An' Mrs. Adams—you know how spunky she is—an' she told 'em right up and down they shouldn't have 'em, an' I don't blame her. Said she had trouble enough goin' around beggin' 'em for her own table an' they'd oughter done the same for theirs. So they begged her an' said they was short an' folks was askin' for it at their supper. An' she said she had nothin' to do with the supper excep' to eat hers an' pay her quarter for it when she got through, an' told 'em it was their business to see after their own table; an' ef they wanted her cakes they'd got to buy 'em, for all that warn't sold was goin' to be auctioned off. An' I never heerd the beat o' the compliments as passed between 'em. I guess Mrs. Adams was kind o' riled, anyway; for just afore it was time for the fair to begin, an' everybody was hustling around to get things straight, them two girls at the flower stand kep' goin' from one table to another astin' for cord to tie up their bowkays, an' scissors to cut 'em with, an' vases to put 'em in, an' they littered the floor all over with their leavin's, an' then ast Mrs. Adams for a broom to sweep up with. She spoke up pretty sharp an' told 'em them things didn't grow in the basement of a church, an' they hed no business to undertake a thing ef they expected other folks to wait on them, an' she just giv' it to 'em good; but one of them was her own daughter, so she had a chance to speak her mind."

Mrs. Ferret fanned herself vigorously with her sunbonnet and paused, not for want of a subject, but for want of breath. Mrs. Sharp was listening intently with a broad smile of encouragement; so after shooing away a big blue-bottle fly Mrs. Ferret resumed:

"An' the lemonade girls! Rebecca at the well, they called themselves! They hed one o' these big butter crocks, on a low stand, for the 'well,' with a big chunk of ice in it, an' a tin dipper to dish out the lemonade with, an' a tray with about a dozen of tumblers onto it all turned upside down. They squeezed the lemons home, an' brought the juice in fruit cans, an' every now an' then they'd pour a little juice into the well with

some more water an' sugar. An' it was the poorest stuff I ever tasted. They had the well fixed up with evergreens an' golden rods. An' there was big branches of the greens tied to the legs of the table, an' they stuck out so folks was trippin' over 'em an' could hardly get by."

"I wonder ef they made out good at the Jack-in-the-box," observed Mrs. Sharp.

"Them girls in the Jack-in-the-box," said Mrs. Ferret, emphatically, "hed about ten fellahs a' helpin' 'em, an' such carryin's on you never see! Of course folks wasn't waited on properly, an' didn't like what they got, although it was writ up, 'Take what comes an' no change'; so that's the way it went. But you should a' seen your Jimmy! He never took his eyes offen that Jack-in-the-box from the minit he fust come in. I seen him, for he wuz stannin' just along my end o' the cake table. He stood up agin' the wall with his two hands in his pants pockets an' his mouth wide open, just where he could peek through an' see all the parcels as they was rolled up. An' you know they run short o' things. So when they was all giv' out there stood Jimmy with his two eyes as big as saucers. An' I heard him say to Georgie Adams: 'A' seen ivery durned thing in there! It sounded awful cute,' wound up Mrs. Ferret; "I had to laugh!"

"Who washed the dishes?" inquired Mrs. Sharp.

"Oh, don't ask me!" replied Mrs. Ferret, laughing despairingly. "Anybody they could get, I expect. It wuz touch an' go with 'em from first to last. They was all that cranky an' flustered all the time. There was no hot water an' nobody to see to the fire; an' somebody took the tea kettle that was full o' cawfee an' hed poured half of it into her dish pan afore she see what it was, for it was dark, an' there wasn't enough lamps, an' nobody's business to get any; an', oh Laws! what a rattling time they did have to be sure! I don't know how they made out with the ice cream, but the supper didn't amount to as much as they expected. You see how it is. All the workers was grabbin' for themselves an' skinnin' everybody they could for their own credit, an' they all want to do everything but the dirty work, an' they won't spend a dollar to hev a couple o' wimmin to attend to the fire an' wash the dishes, for the boiler has to be kep' full an' the tea an' cawfee hot. Miss Saunders, she undertook to make the cawfee. So she tied up five pound of cawfee in a meal bag an' put it to soak in the wash boiler full of cold water an' set it over on the stove to come to a scald. An' it tasted of the bag," sniffed Mrs. Ferret contemptuously. "But laws," continued she loftily, "they don't do nothin' right in the start; there's no head an' no management. Now, would you believe it, there was no tongue at the supper, except what was waggin', an' when it was asked for, everybody thought somebody else was to have brought it, an' they didn't; so, what was everybody's business was nobody's business, an' that's how it was!" concluded Mrs. Ferret scornfully.

"They had some quite nice things at the fancy table," remarked Mrs. Sharp, "but they was too dear. There was one tidy there I would ha' bought though. The only reasonable thing I saw. It was made of white crape, hand painted, just elegant. There was a bough with apple blossoms an' two little birds settin' onto it close beside each other as lovin' as you please, an' lookin' down kind o' scornful like at another bird what was settin' all its lone onto the lower branch an' eyin' them awful jealous; an' nerit, right along under the two top ones, was 'Two's a company,' and underneath the bottom one, 'Three's a crowd.' Oh, it was just too cute for anything. An' when I ast for it they said it was sold; just my luck, I was awful disappointed." And Mrs. Sharp heaved an ample and regretful sigh.

"Sally Simper an' Mamie Startup hed the fancy table," says Mrs. Ferret. "An' between you and me, I don't think them two girls knows beans. You know, the cake table was alongside o' their table, so I could see an' hear considerable of what was goin' on. I was at that end, too. Of course their table was decorated an' themselves as much as they knowed how. They had made a lot of pink paper roses an' stuck 'em in letters on a piece of white paper muslin stretched across the top of the poles over the table, an' this is what the letterin' was, 'Come an' buy, we'll sell you cheap.'"

"I could see the folks laughin'," laughed Mrs. Ferret, "when they looked up, but I didn't know what it was at, till a bunch of young men came along, an' Sally, she jumps up an' begins to pin up somethin' and talk to Mamie at a great rate, an' smirkin' an' pretendin' she didn't know they was there: 'Come along,' says one of the fellahs, 'an' I'll introduce you.' 'I don't want to be sold cheap,' says the fellah grinnin' an' lookin' up at the pink roses. Then they all laughed, while the other one pulled him along by the sleeve an' says: 'Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Cad. Young ladies, Mr. Cad, Miss Simper, Mr. Cad, Miss Startup. An' Sally an' Mamie both stood up as stiff as sawdust dolls an' made a bow with their eyes on the ground all the time, an' says very prim: 'Mister Cad, happy to meet you!' An' he holds his hat right in front of his shirt buzzum an' bends hisself for all the world like a barber's pole, an' says as solemn as an undertaker eyin' a corpse: 'Miss Simper, Miss Startup, happy to meet you!'"

"It was for all the world like play actin'; I never see such manners. An' then they all began gigglin' an' foolin' an' talkin' the silliest stuff enough to make anybody sick! an' that Cad fellah wanted to be jokey, so what does he do but takes up a Bible that was for sale an' opens it at the first page of the psalms an' reads out loud: 'The plaster of David!'" And Mrs. Ferret looked the very picture of disgust as she slowly rocked herself back and forth.

"I think it's a great shame," said Mrs. Sharp with an aggravated air, "that they didn't hev benches for people to sit down on. I know lots of people would have stayed longer ef they'd had anywhere's to set. I got a seat on a soap box an' held onto it as long as I could. The baby was that heavy I couldn't keep luggin' him around all the evening. I was settin' near to where they dished out the ice cream; an' there was a gang of boys stood there watchin' them real greedy, an' every time their backs was turned they dipped their hands right into the freezer an' et all the cream they wanted to; an' there was all colors of 'em. Did ye ever hear tell the equal o' that?"

"They're dreadful an' no mistake," assented Mrs. Ferret, "an' I ain't sorry the whole thing's over an' done

with. I went over this mornin' to help them clean up. I took my own broom and a basket for my dishes that I loaned them. It was a dirty job, I tell ye; banana skins, an' peanut shells, an' orange peels, an' bits of cake scattered all over an' trod into the floor. We sweep' up, but they're to hev a couple o' women there this afternoon to scrub. I draw the line at that; my piety hain't gone that far yet. An' I'm real glad we're through with it. I don't know what's in a church fair that stirs everybody's bile up so; religion an' fightin' seems to go together. Neighbors that live peaceably all the rest of the year are at loggerheads just as soon as it comes on fair time. I don't know whether I'll go to church to-morrow or not. The new minister hollers so he gives me a pain in my spine. The last one whispered so you couldn't hear him, an' this one's so bossy, everything's *thus* an' *so* with him; but then there's always something the matter with them. So it might as well be one thing as another," concluded Mrs. Ferret, with a sigh of pious resignation as she rose from her chair and tied on her sunbonnet. "Well, good-by," she added, as she ambled sidewise down the stoop steps, "come an' see me."

"I will," replied Mrs. Sharp, "an' I'm real glad you came over. Come again."

"I will," answered Mrs. Ferret, "an' you come an' see me. Good-by."

## SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BEES.

BY MELVILLE BARCLAY.

THERE is probably no insect in which mankind has taken more interest than the bee. The busy little worker has ever played an important part in the domestic economy of all the world, its deeds have been sung by poets, and preachers have used it to point many a moral. Probably no nation upon earth has had so many historians as this remarkable insect. Naturalists, agriculturalists and moralists have dwelt upon their ways. The subject has been celebrated by the muse of Virgil and illustrated by the philosophic genius of Aristotle. Cicero and Pliny record that Aristomachus devoted sixty years to the study of bees, and Philiscus is said to have retired into a remote wood that he might pursue his observations on them without interruption.

The superstitions that have been associated with the bee are as interesting as they are abundant. Primarily, quarrelsome people, if inclined to live in the country and keep bees, are warned to mend their ways, or their hives will soon become deserted. Bees may be, and we believe are, very pugnacious among themselves; but they strongly object, so say the country folk, to belong to a contentious household. A querulous family, we are assured, will get no honey, keep as many bees as they may.

Another good example set by them is that they object to thrive if dishonestly come by; on the contrary, they forthwith pine away and die, thereby showing a highly commendable respect for the eighth commandment. And if they must not be stolen, neither must they be sold. To sell them for money is considered a most unlucky proceeding, but they may be bartered away, and all will go right.

A bushel of corn was always considered a fair equivalent for a swarm, or a small pig would be taken in exchange. So long as the bees are bartered they are happy, but to be "guilty of selling them is a grievous omen indeed, than which nothing can be more dreadful"; evidently their self-respect is touched, and they refuse to work for an owner who has bought them into slavery.

Their sympathy with mankind and his troubles is shown in a variety of ways. It is a common saying that bees do not succeed at all in storing up honey whenever there are wars abroad. A large bee-keeper says he has constantly noticed this during the European wars, though ordinary people will reflect that they cannot remember any great scarcity of honey at those particular times.

But the most commonly accepted belief is that the bees, in certain cases, share our troubles, and this is more particularly noticeable in connection with death. In some districts the entrance of a bumble-bee into a cottage is looked upon as a certain sign of death, and in others their swarming upon a piece of dead wood is regarded as equally ominous. A story is told of the wife of a respectable cottager in England who died in childbirth, whose husband accepted the blow quite philosophically, because he said they had been warned of the event a fortnight before her confinement. The woman went into the garden and saw that their bees, in the act of swarming, had made choice of a dead hedge-stake for their settling place. This is considered an infallible token of an approaching death in the family; in this instance it is more than probable that the prediction brought about its own fulfillment.

Informing bees of a death in the family is a custom still practiced in many parts of England. The necessary formalities were very precise and if they were not fully conformed with the bees would certainly take offense and leave their hives never to return. So universal was the custom at one time that an inquiry after a cottager's bees would occasionally elicit some such reply as this: "They have all gone away since the death of poor Dick, for we forgot to knock at the hives and tell them he was gone dead." The answer would be given with as much gravity as if the speaker were relating how her hen roost had been devastated by a fox, or her pigs had died of swine fever.

If neighbors are talking of the death of a friend, some one in the company will most likely wonder if the bees had been informed of the sad circumstances, and will only be comforted by a reply in the affirmative, and that a piece of the funeral cake had been deposited in their hives. The story is told of an apprentice boy once sent back from a funeral cortege by the nurse to tell the bees of it, as it had been forgotten, and, to make up for the omission, a little wine and honey was put in front of the hives as a solace to the inmates in their presumable sorrow. In some districts country people go even further than this. Not only do they, on a death occurring, deck their apiaries with crape after duly informing the inmates of the cause, but they invite the bees to the funeral.



## THE SURPRISES OF SCIENCE.

It is a number of years since Flammarion startled the world with the melodramatic statement that Mars was signaling to us. Mars was of course doing nothing of the kind. No one knew it better than Flammarion. He wanted to attract attention not to our neighbor but to himself, and succeeded. Meanwhile the canals on Mars have excited attention, curiosity and argument. Schiaparelli and Lowell have shown that the Martian surface is a perfect network of them. Some astronomers have maintained that these canals are natural formations, others have been equally sure that they are artificial. Charts were made which at the time did not help matters much. Since then canals have been discovered which at the time the charts were made had no existence. And behold the problem is solved. The canals are not natural, they must be artificial, and as such the work of beings, human or inhuman, as the case may be, but at least by beings resembling man.

There is a scientific surprise if ever there was one. But does it not occur to you that it would be still more surprising to see those beings at work?

Perhaps we shall, for the study of the stars promises to be revolutionized by a new discovery. Before long telescopes will be provided with lenses not of glass but of gas. Practically speaking, they can be made of almost unlimited length. Practically speaking, also, Mars can thereby be inspected at comparatively short range.

Such, at least, are the claims made for an invention which has been patented by Elmer Gates. The beginning was accidental, as inventions often are. In the ends of a bit of iron tubing pieces of glass were set. The little cylindrical box thus made was filled with oxygen gas. Now it has been ascertained by Dewar that oxygen is magnetic. Gates turned this fact to account by converting the iron tube into a magnet, winding it round and round by fine wire. A gas, of course, is composed of particles of matter which are flying about exercising toward each other a mutual repulsion. Thus it will be understood that the molecules of oxygen in the little box were attracted toward the magnetized iron ring, so that the density of the gas was diminished in the center. The box was then used in place of a glass lens and photographs were taken with it.

Here, then, was the discovery; to wit, that oxygen gas would not alone serve instead of glass as a material for lenses, but would make a more perfect lens than glass ever has. It is an accepted truth that glass lenses have their limitations. Their usefulness does not increase in proportion to their size. But gas lenses do. The lenses made for the Lick and for the Yerkes observatories represent the limit of size in glass lenses. Bigger ones could not be put to any practical use. With oxygen it is otherwise. There is no limit to the size into which they can be made. The discovery promises to make the universe neighborly, to show us the moon as we have never seen the moon before, to show us Mars, her canals and inhabitants, to show us Jupiter, and to show us, too, how worlds begin.

Experiments are being made with an invention for the torpedo service, of which remarkable results are claimed. The torpedoes now in existence, so far as their destructive qualities are concerned, are perfect when a vessel is struck by one of them, but should it miss it is lost.

The device now on trial consists of a magnet, delicately constructed and hung on an arm at the bow which in turn is fastened to the rudder. The two arms are connected by cross wires, and the idea is that when approaching a vessel the magnet will be attracted in that direction, and in turning will move the arm to which it is fastened and operate the rudder, thus steering the torpedo toward the ship.

The question has been raised whether the magnet might not prove a boomerang and fly back at the vessel from which it is sent. But the mechanism is so arranged that the magnet will not be influenced at all until it has advanced too far to retreat.

Cold and hunger is a much-used phrase, but its full meaning has never been properly grasped. Cold of a certain intensity produces not only hunger, but, as it now appears, health

as well. Raoul Pictet, the Swiss chemist, was making experiments on a degree of cold considerably lower than any which occurs naturally, and he found that at temperatures between 110 and 150 below zero no covering of any kind would keep cold out, or, more exactly, would keep warmth in. There is nothing surprising about that. The surprise is in the result. M. Pictet is a gentleman who has suffered greatly from indigestion. After an exposure of several minutes to the cold which he had produced, he experienced a sensation of hunger which he has described as ravenous. When he had eaten he experienced none of the tortures of his ailment, and when he had alternately frozen and eaten three or four times, he found himself entirely cured.

The busy little bee has been forced into a new business, that of the manufacture of medicated honey, which is produced in a variety of flavors for a variety of ills. It is a French scientist that has brought about this valuable addition to the pharmacopæia.

The bees are kept under glass in a large conservatory where they can have plenty of exercise, but where they can feed only upon flowers specially chosen for special medicinal properties. In this manner physic of the most enticing kind is produced. Influenza, indigestion, asthma and fevers are reported to be thereby readily if indirectly reached, and while the palate is being delighted the invalid is being cured.

They have been doing more with the Roentgen rays in Paris than we have here. A company there has been exploiting them commercially. It is curious that the method which it observes has not been adopted by local life insurance corporations. The Paris establishment you enter as you would a photographer's and have a picture taken of whatever internal organ you select. Such a picture becomes a good gauge of your physical condition, anything abnormal being distinctly shown. A complete picture costs forty dollars, but for an arm or leg it is much less. In cases of fracture, where the bone is deeply imbedded in flesh, the exact location of the break is difficult to determine. In cases such as these, French surgeons send their patients to be photographed, or endographed, as the term now is, and with the picture as an indicator set to work.

Cancerous growths and incipient tumors are revealed at once in an endograph, and more than one client who has had a picture taken for the mere novelty of the thing has been treated to an unwelcome surprise.

Among the important possibilities of the near future is the generation of electricity directly from coal, without the wasteful intervention of the steam boiler and steam engine, and the electrical production of light without heat. The realization of the former would permit of the production of electricity at a mere fraction of its present cost, and would make it so cheap and abundant as to render its use universal for all purposes to which it can be applied, and especially for domestic and manufacturing purposes, where its advantages are apparent. An efficient system of direct electrical generation would forever dispense with steam engines and boilers, and would be further reaching in its benefits than anything else of the kind. It will come.

The economical production of light without heat, which on a small scale has been accomplished by several experimenters, would constitute a great saving of the electrical energy now used in incandescent lighting and would furnish a perfect artificial light without heat or combustion, in comparison with which that produced from acetylene gas or any other illuminant is wasteful and crude. It will come, also.

Professor Ries of Baltimore, the best-known electrician in the land, says that these inventions taken together would, from their direct and indirect influence upon our commercial and social development, produce a greater effect upon civilization than any conquest of ancient or modern times.

Professor Ries, who is seldom wrong, is right. May we live to see them both.

EDGAR SALTUS.

BERLIN, by the 1895 census, had 1,615,517 inhabitants. Employed in the army or civil service were 72,848 persons.

## BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

If the Bal Champetre at the Olympia is not a success it is through no fault of the management. The hall in which it occurs, and which is catalogued as a Winter Garden, is larger, roomier, handsomer and more attractive than that of the Casino de Paris, which, as you may know, is the largest, roomiest and handsomest in France. In addition, the place is entirely decorous. You could take your sister there. In the box adjoining the one in which I sat there were women and champagne. One of them became a trifle hilarious and was promptly and quietly induced by the management to leave.

The performance begins with a variety show which is as good as anything of the kind that I have seen. A notable feature is a mirror dance in which a young woman multiplied five or six times gyrates in waves of color. It is harmonious and beautiful. She suggests a swarm of human butterflies swooning and recovering in baths of transcendent and changing hues. It is not only harmonious and beautiful, it is artistic and new.

When the dance on the stage is ended another begins on the floor, for in reality the second is merely a continuation of the first.

The Bal Champetre opens with a can-can which is more rapidly and agilely performed than any I have ever seen except among French students. But the girls are better dressed, too well dressed, and so are the men. Their appearance takes the illusion of an unsavory frolic away. In Paris the men who dance at public balls such as this is supposed to be, are unique, they wear pot hats with flat brims and clothes you would not be found dead in. At the Olympia they have a modish up-to-date look, white gloves, crush hats and trousers that are creased. A spectacle such as that, Paris has never seen. By way of local color or rather with the idea of providing it, a sweet blunder was committed. At the Casino de Paris and other places of the kind there are always two or three policemen on duty. What the Olympia's idea of French policemen may be, I give up, for it is not French policemen they have there, but French soldiers!

After the quadrille there comes a waltz in which the public is invited to join. Well, why not? At the French balls you can dance if you like—and if you want to be eccentric—but save at the student balls at Bullier, no one, except those that are paid to dance, ever does. Be that as it may, the public at the Olympia refused to take the invitation seriously. Such waltzing as was done was entirely and rightly professional.

Subsequently there were varieties of whirlwind and comic dances, and some fancy bicycle riding which created in you both desire and despair. If I may venture to speak of myself I have with great immodesty flattered myself that I was rather handy with the bike. I shall never think so again. The bicyclist at the Olympia sits on his wheel backward. That is the infancy of art. But he sits on it when it is motionless and that is a feat which I have regarded as impossible. He rides round with the front wheel in the air. He rides round standing on the front wheel's hub, and that being insufficient, a girl joins him and rides on the other hub. They do all sorts of things. However well you may ride they make you feel as though you knew nothing about it. It is wonderful and disheartening. But it is a very good show.

The event of last week was the production at the Academy of Music of Giordano's opera "Andrea Chenier." It is charming. Giordano, who was present, is young and good looking. Some time ago he fell in love. The young woman was the daughter of Spatz, the proprietor of four or five of the largest hotels in Italy, as such a bandit, and, in consequence, a millionaire. Said Spatz, "You are a penniless musician, produce a successful opera at the Scala and you shall have my daughter and a dowry, too."

Giordano set to work, wrote "Andrea Chenier," produced it at the Scala a short time ago, achieved a success, got the girl and the dowry, too. He deserved all three. The opera is charming. There is in it a little of "Siegfried," a little of the "Walkure," there is some "Massenet," too, a reminiscence of Verdi and Meyerbeer, but even so, there is a great deal that is original and what isn't was—in days gone by.

EDGAR SALTUS.

## A TRAGEDY IN MINIATURE.

BY AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

Then the dandelion yellow  
Dons his nightcap, sleepy fellow!  
Lightest, brightest eiderdown,  
Soft it nestles on his crown.  
But a little maiden spying,  
Runs toward him, breathless, crying—  
"This is how one tells the hour—  
One, two, three!" He wakes no more.

## NO CHANGE OF CARS.

of any class between points on West Shore and Nickel Plate Roads. Trains run solid between New York and Chicago. Elegant day coaches, Wagner Buffet Sleeping Cars and superb Dining Cars on the Nickel Plate Road. The short line to Erie, Cleveland, Ft. Wayne and Chicago. Low rates, fast time, unexcelled service. Ask your ticket agents, and be sure your tickets read via Nickel Plate Road.

## FOOTBALL NOTES.

BY BUCK MINTOSH.

THE Princeton-Harvard game was picked by all the critics to go to Princeton, all except the hedging ones who always write: "If So-and-So does So-and-So, then So-and-So will win." Then the next week they say: "As I said in these columns last week, 'if' So-and-So happened, So-and-So would be the result." And it is surprising to see the number of men who are allowed to fill columns with such vital matter. But, for this game, most of them grew real bold and picked Princeton to win. I've only gone wrong on picking the winner of one game this season. I picked Lafayette to win from Pennsylvania and the winner of every other game of importance except the Harvard-Indian game. After a careful study of form and past deeds, I picked the Indians to win. For the sake of tradition and the solidity of the game, I would have been very sorry to have seen Harvard's castle crumbled into dust. The Indians can well afford to wait another year. They have made the most popular record of the season, and next year they can, properly managed, make money enough to run their school for a year. But a careful analysis of that game shows that the Indians played quite well enough to have won.

It was only because of Harvard's great courage when they held the fort in the last ditch, that the flag of victory waved where it did. Remembering that game, I went to Cambridge feeling satisfied that Harvard would be strong and brave in her defense but unable to cope with the brilliant game which Princeton had been playing. In this I was not mistaken. In the first half I

always came up smiling and played with the energy of a mad bull. Brokaw, for a first year on a 'Varsity, played a wonderful game. Bannard's touchdown was the best executed of the season. It brought every requirement into play: quick judgment, coolness, and exceptional running and dodging ability. Dunlop played a strong aggressive game and did some great ground gaining while his strength lasted. All of the men around both centers were strong. It was seldom that any headway was made through either. Cabot put up a star game until forced to retire. Brown played a cool and strong game. It is a horrible handicap to place a man in the important position of fullback and have newspapers and coaches tell him time after time every day of his inferiority to the great player on the opposing team, and then to have the fact demonstrated by the sight of those flying sky scrapers of Baird's. Brown should not be censured for having his kick blocked. The Harvard line was weak with substitutes and fatigue, and Princeton was playing with the desperation and strength born of her knowledge of her superiority when Church broke through and made his block. A great deal has been said in criticism of weak tackles. If any of those critics will explain to me just why eight men with an acquired impetus going against four or five men massed about a tackle, should not be expected to gain ground, I would be grateful for the information. Or, just why one man should be expected to withstand the force of one man backed by the weight of four others under way. I saw no weakness to criticize in either team. Many were stronger than others, but there were no fatal weaknesses.

In analyzing the game, Harvard's followers can well figure out a great deal of comfort and use two "ifs," one for each touchdown. "If" Bannard had not gotten

For a third consecutive year I pick Pennsylvania to win from Harvard. The comparative scores of the two teams, 21 to 0 for Pennsylvania and 4 to 0 for Harvard is, in a way, a criterion, but the games were different and the Indians could not have lined up as strongly against Pennsylvania because of her hard games and, besides, Pennsylvania was a week further advanced.

Pennsylvania will go into the game in the best condition of the year, with the knowledge that to hold her position in the football world, she must win. Harvard will go into the game with more desperation than possibly ever before, but in the condition of the men, her team will not be strong for aggressive work. Besides, Pennsylvania will be on her own grounds and barked by the wildest rooters in the country. My sympathy is with an under dog, but Harvard must stand for her third defeat next Saturday.

The question of keeping time has caused quite a bit of comment and, in some instances, annoyance. If the timekeeper has a football stop-watch he will not need this bit of information, but if he has not, the following method will be found to be the surest and easiest. Keep the time played, instead of taking out time between waits. Say the game starts at 3:04:10. Carry a card upon which that time shall be noted. When the referee whistles to take out time, note the exact second. Say it is 3:09:17. Place that number directly beneath the first one and on the opposite side of the card note the time played. Thus:

3:04:10	Time played.
3:09:17	Min. Sec.
5:07	5 : 07

No attention need be taken of the time of the wait.



SEÑOR CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO.

Don Antonio Cánovas del Castillo has always evinced the qualities of an efficient party leader, although he is not generally looked upon as a great statesman. He was born in Malaga in 1830, and, when only twenty-one years old, assumed the editorship of *La Patria*, a Conservative organ, and was eventually involved in a conspiracy against the Liberal administration then in power. In 1852 he was named Deputy for Malaga, and ever since that time he has figured, more or less conspicuously, in the Cortes. When Alfonso XII. was proclaimed king in 1874, Señor Cánovas del Castillo became Prime Minister. He retired from the Premiership in 1879 to give place to Marshal Martinez Campos; but two years later he returned to office. Subsequently he was overthrown by Señor Sagasta, leader of the Liberal party, who, again in 1892 (Cánovas del Castillo having meanwhile gone back to office), obliged him to yield up the reins of government. On the outbreak of the present rebellion in Cuba, it was acknowledged by all parties that the Prime Minister ought to be a Conservative, and Señor Cánovas once more returned to power, and thus far has been loyally supported by his life-long rival Señor Sagasta.



GENERAL WEYLER.

Señor Don Valeriano y Weyler Nicolson is by descent a Prussian, but of Spanish ancestry on his mother's side. He was born in Palma de Mallorca fifty-seven years ago. When scarcely more than a boy, having just been graduated from the *Colegio de Ingenieros* of Toledo, he was made a captain in the Spanish army, and, strangely enough, detailed to Cuba. In the course of Spain's attempt to suppress the Cuban rebellion of 1895-78, Weyler, as commander of a flying column, was assigned by Captain-General Valmaseda to the eastern part of the province of Santiago. He made a deep impression on the inhabitants of that section; an impression of such sort that the remembrance of it caused a panic in Cuba, when it was known last January that he was coming again to the island, this time to succeed Marshal Martinez Campos as Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief. Exasperated by the sturdy resistance of the Cuban combatants for liberty, the Madrid government had determined to renounce conciliatory measures and recur to methods of the utmost rigor. So Weyler was dispatched to Havana. His mode of suppressing rebellion is a stern and bloody one, and he has been guilty of crimes against the usages of civilized warfare. It is not the insurgents alone who suffer under his rule, but the non-combatants or so-called *pacíficos* as well. The General has succeeded in gaining for himself a reputation of unparalleled ferocity, a reputation eclipsing even that of Valmaseda, "The Tiger." Meanwhile, Spain permits him to indulge his brutal instincts to the top of his bent.



ANTONIO MACEO.

Antonio Maceo, Commander of the Cuban Insurrectionists in the western or Pinar del Rio department of Cuba, is one of the men with whom numbers do not count, on whom mere figures have no power to impose. He believes in his cause, and to its aid he brings a great gift—that of decided military talent, backed by extraordinary bravery. Antonio Maceo, who is a mulatto, was twenty-one years old, an almost wholly uneducated mulatto, when, in the rebellion of 1895-78, he began to fight for Cuba's freedom, under Maximiliano Gómez. At the end of a year, having passed through the intermediate grades, he was promoted to the rank of Major; a little later he was made a Major-General; and it seemed that each additional honor spurred him on to more vigorous activity. When, at the end of the ten years' war, he was obliged to go into exile in Jamaica, it was not as an utterly hopeless man. He did not abandon his life-dream, but fostered it. In March, 1895, when the Cubans again rose against their oppressors, their old leader joined them with his youthful energy only invigorated by his long banishment. When he is not fighting, he is watching—watching the Spaniards strung along the *trocha*, or fortified wall which stretches across the island from sea to sea. Antonio Maceo, although he has some negro blood in his veins, as we have said, will fight as long and hard for liberty as any white man that ever lived.



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

When President Cleveland in April last selected a soldier, in the person of General Fitzhugh Lee, to fill the post of Consul-General at Havana, the appointment was looked upon generally as a wise one. His experience in the Confederate service seemed to have given him just the qualifications needed by an agent of the United States government in Cuba; for accurate and professionally competent reports on the insurrection in Cuba and on the military operations there had been from the outset lacking. General Lee is a Virginian of the Virginians, a nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee, under whom he served in the war of the rebellion, and, of course, a descendant of the Lees of revolutionary times. He was born at Clermont in 1835, and is a graduate of West Point. In the numerous campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia he evinced ability and rose swiftly to high rank. After the war he returned to his home in Virginia, and in 1885 was elected Governor of that State. To the illustrious name which he inherited, he has added honor both as a soldier and as a citizen, and there is reason to believe that his reputation will be in no wise diminished by the manner in which he shall discharge his consular duties at Havana.

believe Princeton would have scored but for blind judgment on three different occasions, when, with from three to six yards to gain each time, hopeless bucking was indulged in on the last down. The ball was lost each time. That kept the ball near the center of the field most of the time. Princeton's revolving play made a lot of trouble for quite a while and when the ball was finally worked down to Harvard's twelve-yard line, I never saw a gamer, more desperate stand than Harvard made. It was a scene to inspire a war correspondent to do his proudest work. The Harvard team was game and reckless to a man, but the team work was faulty. They didn't get into the plays as Princeton did. The dark shadow of defeat, the thought that they were working in a hopeless cause, seemed to spread over them like a pall. Princeton won by her sensible open play. Baird is certainly the best fullback seen in recent years. He is a sure catch, a calm dropkicker and a careful and strong punter. Every time he punted, he gave ample time to the ends and tackles to get down the field to be ready to hold the man who caught the ball. His catching of punts, and the ground almost invariably gained, have not been excelled in a long time. In this he was ably assisted by Smith's wonderful interference in bucking the approaching tackler. The game was an exceptional one to prove the stuff that football players are made of, and also, unfortunately, one to give those who are opposed to the game an opportunity to criticize the possible harm to life and limb. I believe that the number on the retired list was eight. But to a football enthusiast who appreciates the game and loves it, it was beautiful. Captain Cochrane went into the game with his shoulder almost laid out. He chewed his gum, inspired his team and played until absolutely forced to retire. Little Kelley went in with a broken nose. That didn't put him out of the game, but a badly injured thigh did. Church was injured a great many times, but

around Brewer's end, that touchdown might not have been made; and "if" the block had not been made and Brokaw fallen on the ball by such a narrow margin, the second would not have been made. And, as a Princeton rooter, I confess to having trembled many times since when these two "ifs" come before my troubled vision; and yet, Princeton clearly outplayed Harvard. There is a Jonah hovering over that crimson household. What it is I don't know; but, with the knowledge of its omnipresence, no athletes in the country have their bravery put to such a test as they, and none deserve as much credit.

Next Saturday will see the two great games—the Yale-Princeton and the Pennsylvania-Harvard struggles. And they will be struggles and desperate ones. All season the first had looked like a gift for Princeton, but Yale's never-failing "last two yards" has come. The confidence in that "Y" never wavers. Every day I see people willing to wager their hundreds or thousands on Yale. When asked whether they know that the team is not a strong one they invariably say that they do not care, that Yale always wins and that she will win again. If other teams in the past have become frightened at the sight of the blue and the "Y," those who are banking on the Princeton team of this year following the others, will find themselves in error. Although Captain Murphy has done wonders with his material, and although there are more coaches and more determination shown than is usual, in my humble judgment, the material is not there and cannot be gotten there. If Princeton plays the open, kicking game in which she is so strong, kicks on hopeless third downs, relies largely upon end gains and draws upon her large supply of well men when cripples who cannot possibly do themselves justice should be removed, she has the best chance to win by the largest score that any Princeton team has had in years in a Yale game.

When the referee is ready to call "play," again note the time, for instance, thus:

	Time played.
	Min. Sec.
3:14:22	5 : 07
3:21:09	6 : 47
6:47	11 : 54

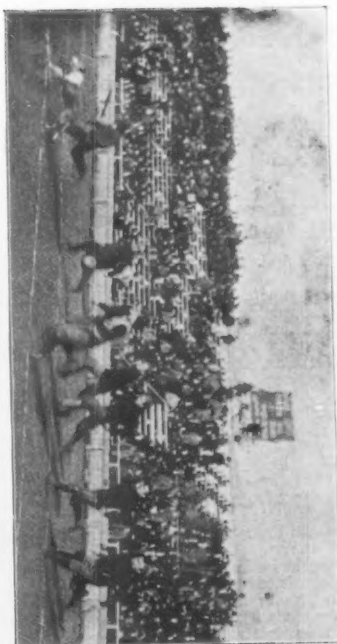
The timekeeper can, by following this method, be able at a glance to tell just how many minutes have been played. The office of timekeeper is far more important than most people interested seem to think. And there are rules which should be amended. The rule now in force says that time should be taken from each time the referee says play. If the game is to be kept free from the trickery which has done so much to injure baseball, all temptation should be taken from the player. If I were playing snapback and it was to the advantage of my team to kill time, I would take all the time I could to put the ball in play. So would any man who was playing to win. But, the opportunity should not be there. Time should not be taken until the ball is actually put in play. The linesman should not also perform the duty of timekeeper. It is too much for one man.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

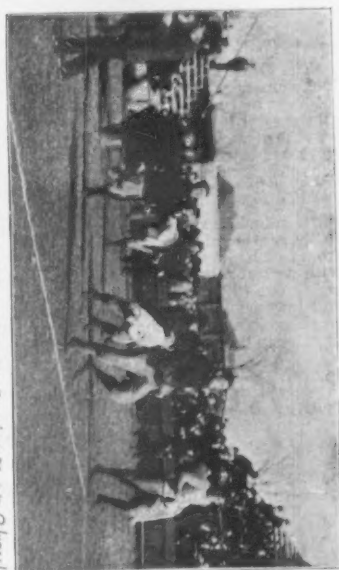
An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



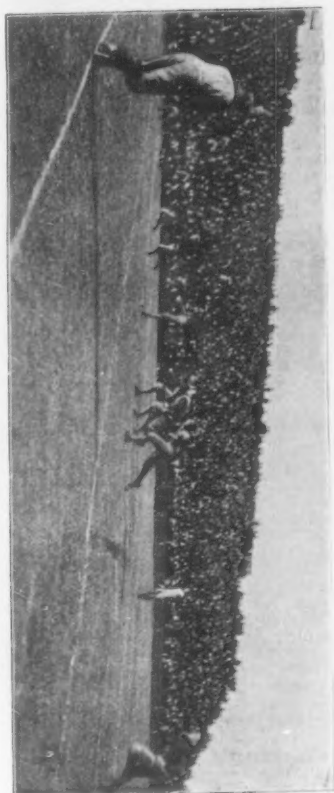
NOVEMBER 19, 1896.]



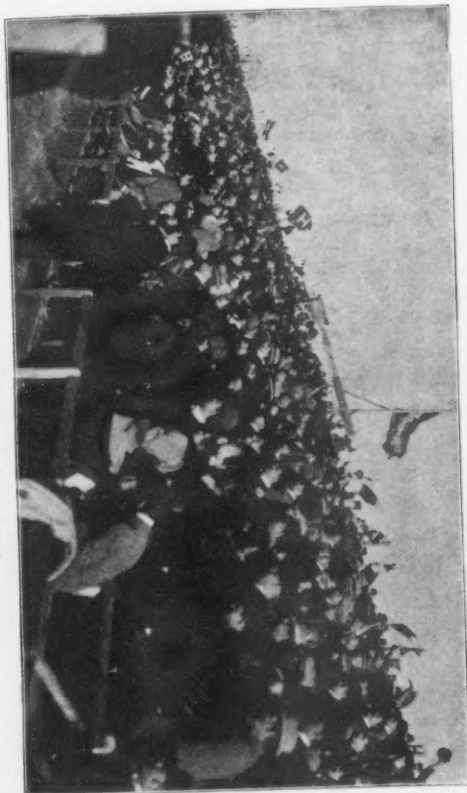
HARVARD TEAM COMING ON THE FIELD LED BY THEIR MASCOT



PRINCETON COMING ON THE FIELD LED BY COACHES AND COACH



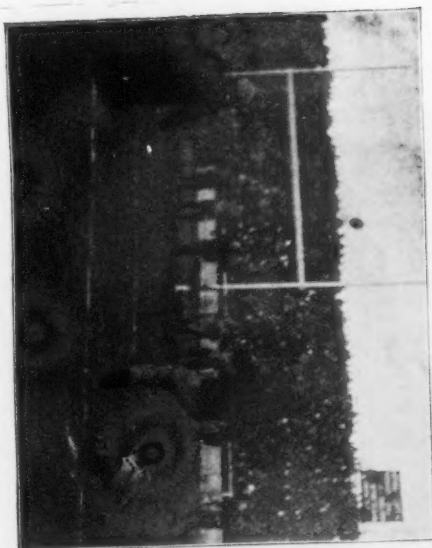
HARVARD-PRINCETON GAME BAIRD KICKS OFF



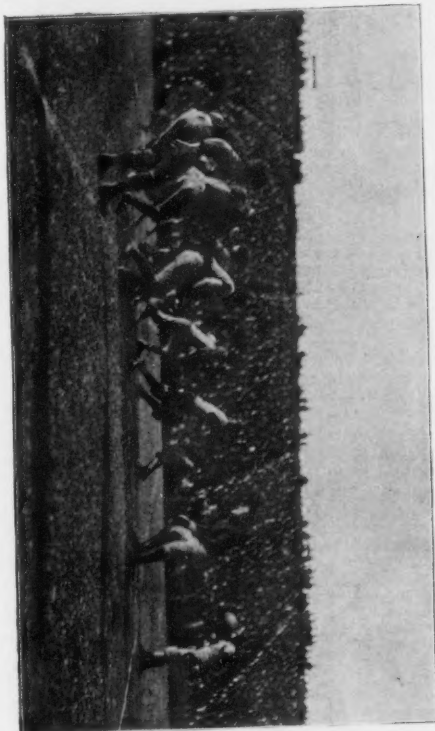
A HAPPY MOMENT FOR HARVARD ROWERS



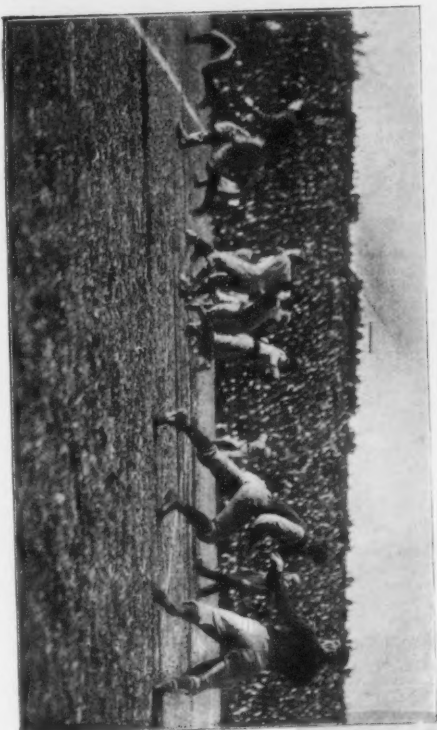
PRINCETON TEAM FORMED UP FOR REVOLVING TANDEM



BAIRD'S FIRST KICK



SMITH PASSING BALL BACK FOR KICK



BROWN ABOUT TO KICK PRINCETON BREAKING THROUGH

FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN HARVARD AND PRINCETON AT CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 7.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

AN interesting and, to some, an amusing scene can be witnessed nightly in the mosque of San Sofia, Constantinople. An hour after sunset hundreds of bare-footed Moslems assemble in long lines beneath the vast dome. As one man they rise up or kneel down on the mat-covered floor, according to the words of the muezzin or priest, who calls to them from the Mikhral. The little children meanwhile play and chase each other between the rows of worshipers, without a thought of the sacredness of the place or the solemnity of the occasion. The worshipers, on their part, seem to be utterly oblivious of the presence of the young intruders.

The mosque of San Sofia is the principal house of worship in the capital of the Sultan's domain. The city is built upon the seven hills and the intervening valleys of the triangular shaped area at the junction of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, and the mosque is on the summit of the first of these hills reckoning from the Bosphorus, and adjoins the Seraglio. It was originally a Christian church and was built by the Emperor Constantine; it was rebuilt in its present form in the reign of Justinian, and has preserved its principal features unaltered during thirteen centuries. It is a huge, square building surmounted by cupolas and a very flat dome, with a beautiful minaret at each of the four corners. The minarets were added by the Turks. On the interior of the dome is inscribed in Arabic characters the following text from the Koran: "God is the light of the Heavens and the Earth." During the nights of the sacred month Ramazan this verse is illuminated by thousands of lamps. The flooring of the mosque is of waved marble in imitation of the rolling of the sea. The interior is covered with rich Turkish and Persian carpets, and along the walls are recesses with white curtain screens, where the devout Turk can retire for prayer if he wishes; while scattered here and there are small raised pulpits where learned doctors expound the Koran.

## THE ACCIDENT TO THE "TEXAS."

The United States battleship "Texas" is a most unlucky craft. Her career has been marked by a series of mishaps, and she has experienced more accidents than all the rest of the North Atlantic Squadron. The latest was the giving way of the yoke of the valve of her main starboard injector, Monday of last week, by which accident she sank at the Cob dock, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The injector is the apparatus through which the sea water is taken into the condensers. It consists of a thirteen-inch pipe running from the bottom of the ship to the starboard engine-room, where it ends in a bowl from which pipes lead to the condensers. It is furnished with a steel valve closing against a flange, to keep the water out when it is not needed. This valve is raised and lowered by a steel screw operated by a wheel and working in a yoke at the top of the bowl. The yoke is of steel and weighs about five hundred pounds. As no sea water was required while the ship lay at her dock the valve was closed. The strain of the water against the valve proved too much for the yoke and it broke off short, allowing the valve to rise and thus permitting the water to rush into the bowl. The temporary caps over the pipes were blown off and the bonnet of the bowl was dislodged. A stream of water thirteen inches in diameter poured into the starboard engine room.

The water continued to pour in until the starboard engine compartment was completely flooded, and the battleship went to the bottom. The accident happened at low tide and there was less than thirty feet of water in the dock at the time. The "Texas" draws twenty-two and one-half feet, so she did not sink far. She sank rapidly and with a list of about six degrees to starboard until she rested in the soft mud at the bottom. Her bow had sunk about five feet and her stern a little more. The longitudinal bulkhead dividing the engine rooms has several small openings in it and through these the water, as it rose, leaked into the port engine room, completely flooding it. At the first alarm the transverse bulkheads had been closed and the water was prevented from reaching any other part of the ship. Captain Glass reported the accident to Commodore Sicard, the Commandant of the Navy Yard, and a telegraphic report was at once forwarded to Secretary Herbert. The work of raising the ship was at once commenced. Several wrecking tugs were set to work, and after divers had succeeded in fitting a large wooden plug into the inboard end of the injector considerable progress was made. It is claimed that the machinery of the vessel will not be damaged to any great extent and that a new yoke for the injector is all that will be needed. Although there was nineteen feet of water in her engine rooms the officers say that the engines will not be injured to any great extent.

The "Texas" is a second-class battleship, and her plans were drawn by William John, an English naval architect, who won the prize of fifteen thousand dollars offered by Secretary Whitney for the best plans for a battleship. The first keel plate was laid June 11, 1889, at the Norfolk Navy Yard; she was launched June 28, 1892, and went into commission in the spring of 1895. She is 290 feet long, with 64 feet beam and 22½ feet draught. The armor above the water-line and on the two turrets is twelve inches in thickness. Her horsepower is 8,600, with a speed of seventeen knots, and her coal capacity is sufficient for 7,000 miles at ten knots per hour. The turrets are armed with two twelve-inch breech-loading rifles having a range straight ahead and straight astern. The six-inch forward gun has a train of forty degrees on the starboard bow and a sweep on the port side to straight astern. The after gun swings seventy degrees on the port side to straight ahead on the starboard side. The ship has six other six-inch guns, besides twelve six-pound rapid-fire guns, six one-pound rapid fire guns and four thirty-seven-millimetre Hotchkiss revolving cannon.

The career of the "Texas" almost from the day of her launching has been one of mishaps. Several of these have been of a very serious nature, far more so than that of last week. When she was put in commission it was found that her sectional cross-beams were not strong enough and that some of the bottomplates were too

thin. There was too much vibration, and extensive alterations involving the expenditure of forty thousand dollars were found necessary before she could join the squadron. Early this year the hydraulic apparatus which operates the turrets got out of order and she again went to the Norfolk Navy Yard. On one of her trial trips she ran on an obstruction in Long Island Sound which was not noted down in the charts, and later she bent some of her plates while in the dry dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It cost one hundred thousand dollars to put her in shape for the water again. On September 17, while going to anchor at the naval station off Newport, she took bottom but got off without serious injury. A short time before this her pumps refused to work while she was lying off Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and at another time, while in the same place, she dropped a six-ton anchor with fifteen fathoms of chain attached. Several men were killed while she was being built and one jumped overboard while she was at sea. Her cost, including repairs up to the time of this last accident, has exceeded four million dollars, although she had been designed originally to cost only two million five hundred thousand dollars. Nevertheless, her officers contend that she is one of the finest ships in the navy. She demonstrated this fact, they say, during the last cruise, when the squadron encountered a severe storm. She rode, they claim, like a church, while the "Indiana" was rolling thirty-nine degrees. The ship went out of commission when she went to the Navy Yard, and at the time of the last accident was in the hands of the Navy Yard authorities.

Secretary Herbert has appointed a court of inquiry to look into last week's accident. The sea valves, it is said, have been for some time in bad order, and Captain Glass has long been urging the necessity for repairing them. The officials of the department are confident that she will be ready to go to sea with the squadron this week.

## A STORM IN VENICE.

In spite of the fine Horatian phrase, *Dux inquiete turbidus Adriæ*, and the well known prevalence in that sea at particular seasons of tempestuous austral winds, the secluded corner of its shore in which stately Venice sits upon her many islets, within the barrier of sandbanks inclosing her spacious lagoons, is usually exempt from violent marine disturbance. But Venice felt the rare experience of a furious storm from seaward on October 15, when the sirocco, blowing with greater force and continuance than has been observed for nineteen years, drove in so high a tide that the Piazza di San Marco was flooded and the Grand Canal became a raging inward current. No loss of life has been reported, and the damage both to vessels and to seaside buildings was greater on the opposite coasts of Istria and Friuli, at Trieste, and in the neighborhood of the Austrian imperial palace of Miramare, which was also struck by lightning.

Our illustration shows the scene in the Square of St. Mark during the storm. This spot is in the heart of the city and is of great historic interest. It is the place which the tourist usually visits first and to which he most frequently returns. The cathedral occupies one side, a singular but brilliant combination of the Gothic and Oriental styles, with a lofty detached campanile, or bell-tower, and the celebrated bronze horses obtained as plunder at the sack of Constantinople in the fourth Crusade. The former palace of the doges, their actual residence down to the close of the sixteenth century, but subsequently appropriated to offices of government, forms the east side of an adjoining oblong area. Around the hall of the Grand Council in this building is a frieze composed of portraits of the doges, one space being left blank. In this blank space should have been the portrait of Marino Falleri, who was beheaded for treason in 1355. There were seventy-two doges from Angelo Participazio, who assumed the dignity in 809, to Manin, who in October 1797 took the oath of allegiance to a foreign power, thus closing the long line of magistrates.

## THE ITALIAN ROYAL WEDDING.

The marriage of the Prince of Naples, Crown Prince of Italy, to Princess Hélène of Montenegro, took place in Rome, Saturday, October 24, with court and popular festivities and every indication of national rejoicing. The bride, accompanied by her father, the reigning Prince Nicholas or "Nikita," of Montenegro, her brother, Prince Mirko, her sister, Princess Anna, and the Prince of Naples and his brother, the Duke of Genoa, landed at Bari, in Calabria, October 21, having crossed the Adriatic from Antivari in the Italian warship "Savoia," escorted by a naval squadron. In the church of St. Nicholas, at Bari, the princess was received by the clergy and admitted to the Roman Catholic communion. The wedding party arrived in Rome the next day and became the guests of the King and Queen at the Quirinal Palace, where the deputations of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and all the institutions of the State and the municipalities, presented addresses of congratulation. On Saturday after the performance of the civil marriage at the Quirinal, before the members of both families and the court, the religious ceremony was solemnized at the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, by Monsignore Piscicelli.

## ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

THE new English Ambassador in Paris, Sir Edmund Monson, is an Oxford M. A. He entered the diplomatic service in 1855, and has been attached to the embassies at Paris, Florence, Washington, Hanover, Brussels, the Azores, Buda-Pesth, Vienna, Uruguay, Denmark and Greece.

Boating and yachting are favorite pastimes among the women of the Upper Ten in Great Britain. One holds a master mariner's certificate. This lady, who has passed all the examinations made compulsory by the Board of Trade, is the Dowager Lady Clifford, widow of the late Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod, who died in 1892. Her ladyship sails her own yacht for many months of the year in the Mediterranean and the Solent, and, holding a master mariner's certificate, is entitled

to employ or dispense with the services of a captain at her own option.

The Hon. Rev. Edward Carr Glynn, Vicar of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, has been appointed Bishop of Peterborough in succession to Dr. Mandell Creighton, promoted to the see of London. Dr. Carr Glynn is married to Lady Victoria Campbell, youngest daughter of the Duke of Argyle, sister of the Marquess of Lorne, and, consequently, sister-in-law of the Princess Louise.

Mr. Barney Barnato, the multi-millionaire, although now a permanent resident in London, has not forgotten his early struggles in South Africa and the Transvaal. He has presented President Krueger with a pair of magnificent life-size marble lions, which have been erected opposite the Presidential residence in the Transvaal. They are a birthday gift to the President from Mr. Barnato.

The Jewish colony in London has lost a prominent member in the person of the late Sir Albert Sassoon, who lately died at Brighton. Sir Albert was knighted in 1873 and created a baronet in 1890. He was the son of the late David Sassoon, of Bombay, and was born in 1818. He was a merchant and banker of Bombay, and, from 1866 to 1872, a member of the Legislative Council. He was presented with the freedom of the City of London in 1873, in recognition of his having founded a hospital, a high school and a mechanic's institute at Bombay. He was made a Companion of the Order of the Star of India, by Queen Victoria, in 1867. Sir Albert Sassoon leaves one son, Edward, who, in 1887, married Aline, daughter of Baron Gustave de Rothschild, and three daughters.

The new Church of St. Giles, Camberwell, London, is adorned with a novelty in its interior architecture. Instead of the customary gargoyles, the sculptor has introduced the faces of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Salisbury, John Bright and others.

In October crowds of society people leave London en route for Calcutta. The trip is a delightful one via the Suez Canal and the season is in full swing in the capital of British India. On their arrival the balls and entertainments at Government House, Calcutta, are on a scale of Oriental magnificence never attempted elsewhere. The gorgeous uniforms of the naval and military officials are resplendent, and the great numbers of dancing men make a winter in Calcutta a perfect Paradise for a London belle. The berths in the P. and O. boats must be secured at least a month before sailing. They are often arranged for in Calcutta or Bombay. Many titled sprigs of nobility preserve a strict incognito on their way out, and nobody on board dreams they are entertaining an angel unawares. It is truly lovely to get away from the London fogs for the next few months and see all the wonders of India during the cool season.

The Nestor of French journalists, M. Henri Trianon, died lately in Paris at eighty-six years of age. He was a contributor to many Parisian journals and magazines and librarian of the St. Genevieve Library, Paris, since 1842.

Prince Bismarck will, for the future, print his revelations about the Court of Germany in one of the Austrian papers. He writes in a spirit of revenge because Emperor William prevented the Czar from visiting him during his recent visit to Germany.

The Czar has established in St. Petersburg, at his own expense, a school for infants to commemorate the birth of the Grand Duchess Olga. The school is placed under the patronage of the Empress. Children of both sexes are admissible without distinction of creed.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has decided to introduce an extensive scheme for the purpose of bringing about universal vaccination in his dominions.

The late Duke of Brunswick died at Geneva, Switzerland, August 18, 1873. He was very eccentric and enormously rich. He loved Geneva and the Genevese, and at his death left all his property to the city of Geneva. It had been his residence for many years.

A Russian priest named Tolstoi has been condemned to seven years' banishment from St. Petersburg and Moscow, and twenty years' deprivation of the right to hold any office, because he left the Russian Orthodox Church for that of Rome.

It is pleasing to relate that the Crown Prince and Princess of Naples are of a congenial turn of mind. Both have strong claims to be classed among the literati. The Princess has written some very fair poetry, and the Prince, under a *nom de plume*, is a constant contributor to many magazines.

The alliance with an Austrian Archduchess, niece of the Queen of Belgium, and a rich and accomplished member of the Imperial House of Austria, is a brilliant event in the life of the Duc d'Orléans. It recalls the matrimonial events of other days when the French monarchy was at the zenith of its power and glory. Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI., was a member of the Imperial House of Hapsburg, as also Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon I., and mother of the ill-starred King of Rome.

The Duc d'Aumale is a member of the Institute of France; he is the most literary member of the Orléans family and has written several very learned works.

Preparations are being made for a tour to Australia and round to Canada by the Pacific route, to be made by the Duke and Duchess of York within the next few weeks. A large number of ships of the Channel Squadron will escort the royal pair and their suite. It will recall to the Duke of York his early days on board the "Bacchante," when he and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, served as midshipmen and went round the world on a two years' cruise. They were great favorites with the officers and crew, especially the Duke of York, and were familiarly known as "Spuds and Sprats" in the fore-castle.

## HOME-SEEKERS EXCURSIONS.

On November 17 and December 1 and 15, 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and South-western states, both on its own line and elsewhere at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.



# IS IT A VICTORY FOR VENEZUELA?

THE most important news of the past week was the announcement that Lord Salisbury in his Guildhall speech, November 9, foreshadowed the peaceful solution of the controversy with this country over the settlement of the Venezuela-British Guiana boundary. His Lordship admitted the two primal contentions of the United States; first, that this country has a right of intervention in the matter and, secondly, that the dispute must be settled by arbitration. Until we hear further on the subject it will not be safe to say whether this is a surrender of anything valuable on the part of the British Foreign Office or not.

The main points of the agreement, so far as known, are that the boundary dispute is to be submitted to a Board of Arbitration consisting of five commissioners, two to be chosen by the United States, two by Great Britain, and a fifth by these four. The title to the disputed territory is to be determined by the following processes which have the sanction of the Common Law: All claims of occupation dating back fifty years are exempted from examination and shall not be questioned. Claims of more recent date—but having a basis of twenty years' undisputed occupation—are to be allowed. All other claims are to be settled according to the just equities that disputants may have established for themselves; damages are to be paid for disturbance of possession, or recompense is to be made for unjust occupation, as the case may require.

It will be seen that the fifty-year limit takes in only a part of the time since the Schomburgk line (1840) and the Aberdeen line (1844). It is advisable, therefore, to postpone the celebration over this victory until we see what further meaning there is in the Guildhall speech.

## THE GEORGIA SENATORSHIP.

The Democratic Senatorial Caucus in the Legislature at Atlanta had taken twenty-three ballots at a late hour, November 10, the leading candidates being Clay 52, Atkinson 51, Howell 39. There were twenty-one absentees, and the contest promised to be a long deadlock.

## TORPEDO BOATS FOR THE NAVY.

The Columbian Iron Works at Baltimore launched Torpedo Boat No. 4, November 10, No. 3 having been launched by the same company a few weeks since. Another of the same type is under construction at the Columbian yards. These boats are unsurpassed for speed and general effectiveness by any craft built anywhere in the world. The "Cushing," now the only valuable torpedo boat in the Navy, will have to take rank below the new flyers, whose contracts call for at least twenty-four and a half knots an hour. They can run around anything in the navy; can give even the "Columbia" and "Minneapolis" a good start and beat

them out in a thirty-mile race. Only three torpedo boats are at present in the naval service; but within eighteen months there will probably be more than twenty, exclusive of what the next Congress may provide for.

## THE REVENUES.

The impression prevails at Washington that no bill for revenue can get through the next Congress. Since the 30th of June the Treasury deficit amounts to about thirty-seven million dollars. For the first ten days of November it has been four million two hundred thousand dollars, showing a heavy increase over the average since the beginning of the fiscal year. President-elect McKinley will probably call an extra session of the Fifty-fifth Congress very soon after his inauguration.

## MORE GOLD.

The past week has seen more gold paid into the Treasury for customs duties than has been the case for many years. The influx from this source has been so great that the Treasury Department is beginning to discourage the receipt of gold in exchange for paper currency. The Treasury balance November 10 was \$229,803,000, of which \$122,234,315 was gold, \$51,853,000 greenbacks, \$39,471,000 Sherman notes, and \$13,343,000 silver certificates. Treasury officials do not think that they have sufficient paper currency on hand to exchange for all the gold that may be offered, without inconveniencing themselves; and the same is true of leading brokers' offices, where such exchange is made for the needs of customers only and not for the benefit of gold-hoarders.

## THE ADVANCE COLUMNS OF PROSPERITY.

Many of the employees of the Dold Packing Company, Kansas City, had their wages raised twenty-five to seventy-five cents a day, November 10; and important improvements in the plant are in contemplation.

Three mills in Piqua, Ohio, started up with five hundred men, and a fourth will start up after a long shut down when needed repairs have been made.

The Erie Railway shops at Sharon, Pa., have begun to work full time for the first time in years with two thousand five hundred men; and the company's shops at Meadville started up November 9.

The San Francisco Glass Works resumed operations November 11, giving employment to about two hundred and fifty hands, after an idleness of many months.

The cotton mills at Hampden, near Baltimore, manufacture more than seventy-five per cent of the cotton duck supply of the world, but they have been running on half time some months. They are about to start up on full time with more than three thousand five hundred employees.

The Pennsylvania Bolt and Nut Works at Lebanon resumed November 9, giving work to one thousand five hundred workmen.

The Calceined Glass Works at Fostoria, which have been idle for several years—since the failure of ex-Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster—will be opened in a few days as a co-operative company employing several hundred hands.

One thousand men went to work for the first time in several months, in Moline, Ill., five hundred at the Moline Plow Works, and five hundred for the firm of Deere & Company.

The rolling mills and glass factories in the natural gas regions around Elwood, Ind., have started up after a long period of idleness, half-time and unsatisfactory conditions, giving employment much needed to a large number of the bread-winners of that section.

From these and many other instances that might be culled from the news of the day it must be apparent that the tide of confidence and prosperity has set in with great force. The reverse side of the picture shows that the American people have had a hard siege of adversity. Now, as the gloom and uncertainty are being dispelled, it is matter of tremendous national significance that they have borne themselves so bravely and won out so unmistakably and so completely.

## DOLLAR WHEAT.

The drouth continues in the wheat growing districts of India and Australia, and the visible supply of wheat for another year promises to be several hundred million bushels short of the average. The surplus left over from the past two or three seasons will be considerably reduced. The standard grade wheat, No. 2 Red, reached ninety-four cents at New York, November 10—a gain of thirty cents a bushel since the middle of August. On that date, it is estimated, all the early threshings of wheat had begun to be marketed in this country, being the inconsiderable amounts that could be spared by

the small farmers, after setting aside the year's flour and the seed for this autumn's sowing. The larger farmers must have kept a great deal of the present year's crop until after the rise began. Adding the supply of wheat held by the great buyers to the supply held on a rising market by the well-to-do and cautious farmers, this country ought to receive an unprecedented supply of the yellow metal from abroad before the bulk of autumn wheat transactions are closed.

## CONVICT LABOR AND GOOD ROADS.

The New York State Prison Commission is trying to devise a plan whereby the industries conducted within the prisons of the State may not come in competition with outside labor. It has been decided that to confine the prisoners to the work of supplying the needs of the penal institutions themselves would leave most of the inmates unemployed. It is suggested that many of the prisoners, especially in jails and reformatories, can be profitably employed building macadamized roads and preparing stone to be used in the work. The League of American Wheelmen, whose convention meets at Albany in February, is expected to meet members of the Legislature as well as representatives of the farming districts in the interest of good roads; and the systematic employment of prisoners in this direction is expected as an immediate result.

## PRECAUTIONS AGAINST SPAIN.

It is strange that Spain should continue her irritating policy toward this country—unless she means to provoke hostilities. For months past the Spanish authorities at Havana have annoyed American commerce with systematic persistence, and redress has been demanded in vain from the Spanish Government for exactions entirely unwarranted. All complaints of injury to American citizens and their interests have been, as a rule, ignored or pigeonholed at Madrid.

There is a sharp and growing anti-American sentiment in Spain. A further disturbing element is Don Carlos, who is growing very popular with the Spanish people on account of his patriotic stand in commanding his followers to assist in a vigorous prosecution of the war in Cuba. He has secured control of a leading newspaper in Madrid, and is constantly attacking the government for submitting so meekly to what he calls the arrogance and meddling of the United States in the Cuban rebellion. He is growing more and more popular with the people by reason of his anti-American crusade.

In view of these unsatisfactory conditions Admiral Bunce's North Atlantic fleet has been increased, and the Administration at Washington is holding itself sharply on guard against possible emergencies. The most powerful fleet ever assembled under an American admiral is

that now gathered at New York and Norfolk under Admiral Bunce; it includes four battleships, one armored cruiser, one monitor, four protected cruisers, and the ram "Katahdin." To these are to be added the armored cruiser "Brooklyn," and the armored monitor "Puritan," which is regarded as the best fighting vessel in the navy. On their way to join these are the "Castine" and the "Marblehead."

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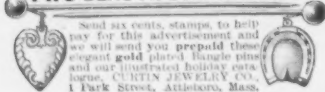
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